

America

MAY 14, 1949

Vol. 81, Number 6

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MAY 11 1949

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Taft-Hartley still stands

It is Tuesday, May 3, 1949. The great House battle over a new labor law is moving swiftly toward a climax. On both sides leaders have committed their last reserves. The coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats has softened the Wood bill (HR 4290) to attract the handful of members still on the fence. In desperation the Administration forces have countered by hardening the Lesinski bill and offering it as a new measure. In its support Speaker of the House Rayburn makes one of his rare speeches. As always, the members listen with great respect, but not once is he interrupted by applause. Old hands at the game sense that the coalition is firmly in the saddle. The vote is taken. The result is announced. The Administration's substitute bill has been beaten easily, 211 to 183. Now the coalition takes the offensive. Additional amendments are offered to HR 4290. Eight of them, all further softening it, are approved. The House votes again. The result, though close, is never really in doubt. The Wood bill wins 217 to 203. Newspaper headlines shout that President Truman has met the most stinging defeat of the session. The more sober note that the parliamentary situation permits one final vote—on a motion to recommit the bill to the Labor Committee. Can the Administration overnight swing the eight votes necessary? The next day the House votes again. The Truman Democrats rally and win. By a vote of 212 to 209 they send the Wood bill back to committee—and to temporary oblivion. There is no longer any labor legislation at all before the House. The Taft-Hartley Act remains in force.

Too much politics

Over the 81st Congress hangs a cloud which even last summer, at the Democratic Convention, was much bigger than a man's hand. It is the historic determination of the South to handle the Negro in its own way. When President Truman decided in January to fight for a cloture rule in the Senate—a necessary condition for passing civil-rights legislation—he determined the course of the 81st Congress. He made it certain that the Southern wing of his Party would combine with the Republicans to dominate the Congress, as they have dominated every Congress since 1940. For all the difference it makes on Capitol Hill, the election last November might just as well not have taken place. This melancholy observation does not excuse from criticism the leaders of labor and management who foolishly tried to settle by politics what might better have been settled between themselves. True, management won a victory of sorts. Unless the Senate decides to carry the ball, the Taft-Hartley Act will remain on the books, at least for the present session of Congress. Is the victory worth the risk? Almost certainly, labor will now turn to politics more intensively than ever. Some day its friends will sit in the seats of power. What might happen then, industry can learn simply by looking abroad. Entirely apart from higher considerations, self-interest should impel labor and management to work out a bill that is mutually satisfactory. That kind of bill even the 81st Congress would approve.

CURRENT COMMENT

Anti-poll-tax hearings

The fat is in the fire on the Truman Administration's civil-rights program. Last week's hearings before a House subcommittee on anti-poll-tax legislation pointed up the issues. Even in primary elections, which are tantamount to final elections in Southern States, the percentage of the population of voting age who go to the polls has fallen as low as 11 in Tennessee and 16 in North Carolina. Since Georgia repealed its poll tax, the number of poll-tax States has been reduced to seven: Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. Literacy tests for voting are much more common, of course, and as administered in the South seem just as effective in disfranchising Negroes and poor whites as the poll tax. Although the establishment of qualifications for voters has been left almost entirely in the hands of the States, "the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations . . ." in Federal elections (Constitution, Art. I, s. 4). The Supreme Court seems willing to extend this power to primary elections. We favor Federal action, in view of the failure of State legislatures to protect the voting rights of U. S. citizens in Federal elections.

Anti-lynching bills

As for anti-lynching legislation, on which a Senate subcommittee is holding hearings, quite different questions are at stake. Originally, our Constitution was not regarded as giving the Federal Government what are called "police powers." Such powers have gradually been developed, however, but nearly always under the interstate-commerce power of Congress. The exception is the Federal protection of civil rights still included in Sections 51 and 52, Title 18, of the U. S. Code, both remnants of civil-rights legislation enacted by Congress in the Reconstruction Period. The Department of Justice, under then Attorney-General Frank Murphy, established a Civil Rights Section in its Criminal Division to enforce these remnants of Federal civil-rights legislation. Sections 51 and 52 are too vague to be readily enforceable, but since the Supreme Court considers them constitutional, there seems no reason why anti-lynching legislation cannot be made part of Federal law regulating State enforcement procedures. Since victims of lynching are primarily citizens of the United States and are not receiving adequate protection from State authorities, we support Federal legislation to protect them.

Furor over rent regulations

As far as we are concerned, Mr. Tighe E. Woods can have the job—the job, that is, of Federal Housing Expediter. Proceeding under instructions from Congress, which determined that rent ceilings should allow landlords a “fair net operating income,” the Expediter announced on May 2 that the formula meant in the concrete a net operating income varying from twenty per cent on large properties to thirty per cent on small holdings. Thereupon the ceiling caved in on Mr. Woods. Accepting an invitation to explain the regulations to a small group in New York, he arrived to find 869 angry and militant tenants and landlords waiting for him at the Engineering Auditorium on West Thirty-Ninth Street. Police turned another 400 away. Mr. Woods spoke; various members of the audience spoke; there were shouts and derisive laughter. After the meeting stood adjourned and the dust had somewhat settled, it was obvious that both landlords and tenants thought they were being robbed. Spokesmen for the landlords charged that the formula permitted only a 3-per-cent return on investment and completely ignored payments on interest and mortgage amortization. They wanted at least 6 per cent. A political leader, speaking for tenants, took exactly the opposite stand. He asserted that the formula would “gratify an undeserving minority—the landlords—and those party-liners for whom rent strikes loom as a dramatic opportunity to spread their divisionist poison.” Both sides, it seems to us, ought to cool off a bit and wait until the consequences of the formula are much clearer than they are now. The Housing Expediter, in making his decision, had at hand all the data on rents collected by Federal agencies from 1939 through 1946. It is only fair to presume that he is acting honestly and in the public interest. How about saving the threats and protests until study and experience have shown that someone is really being hurt?

Mr. Lewis and the fourth round

As the maneuvering continued for a fourth-round wage increase, John L. Lewis began to edge toward the middle of the stage. He suddenly announced that the United Mine Workers were willing to negotiate a separate contract with the Southern Coal Producers Association and suggested that negotiations take place in Bluefield, W. Va. The unusual step of moving the bargaining sessions from Washington and New York started the usual run of rumors which follows almost any gesture of Mr.

Lewis. Actually the chief of the Mine Workers has to do very little to project himself into the middle of the labor-management picture. The nature of the coal business automatically puts him there. Without coal you can't make steel, and without steel you can't make automobiles, refrigerators and all sorts of other products. If Mr. Lewis decides to strike for his objectives, Philip Murray's job of negotiating with the steel industry is complicated no end. The same goes for Walter Reuther of the Auto Workers and the leaders of the Electrical Workers. A shutdown in coal takes the pressure off management in other industries. Why fear a strike when a shortage of materials threatens to shut you down anyhow? For the uncertainty generated last week by Mr. Lewis, other labor leaders found some consolation in first-quarter corporation reports. Bethlehem Steel's net profit was \$33,129,574, over twice the earnings for the first quarter of 1948. U. S. Steel reported the largest net profit in any three months since 1929—no less than \$49,928,670. General Motors broke all previous records. Its net income hit a dizzy \$136,763,338. Last year's figure was \$96,481,412. Such reports encouraged labor leaders to believe that, despite scattered layoffs and cutbacks in production, basic industry was well able to put a few more pennies in the pay envelope. They were further encouraged by a survey of the National Foremen's Institute which disclosed that 1,200 contracts negotiated between March 1 and April 15 called for average increases of nine cents an hour.

Mr. Hoover stumbles

With the Washington spotlight on Senate hearings on the Atlantic Pact and the spectacle of the House squaring away to debate labor legislation, it was easy to overlook an important controversy that broke out in the House Ways and Means Committee. At issue was the proper approach to social security. Testifying for a bill incorporating the Administration's program for liberalizing old-age and survivors insurance under the Social Security Act, Dean J. Douglas Brown of Princeton University observed:

Relief and assistance may seem in the short run more popular and easier to administer, but unless controlled and replaced by contributory social insurance as rapidly as possible they will lead us down the primrose path to state paternalism.

Herbert Hoover, fresh from his study of the executive branch of the Government, took a sharply contrasting view. Opposing any enlargement of the Social Security Act at this time, he advocated Federal-State programs of direct relief to the aged and their dependents on a needs basis. He questioned the whole approach to security through the Social Security Act and suggested that the nation reconsider it. At this point Oscar Ewing, Federal Security Administrator, quoted the report of the Citizens Advisory Council appointed by the Senate Finance Committee last year under Republican auspices. The Council favored “as the foundation of the Social Security system the method of contributory social insurance with benefits related to prior earnings and awarded without a needs test.” He quoted experts from private insurance

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companies, all of whom favored increasing benefits under the Social Security Act so that the number of persons on relief could be reduced. He quoted the National Association of Life Underwriters, the Life Insurance Association of America, the Senate Advisory Council, as opposed to Mr. Hoover's criticisms of the Government's use of security-tax receipts. As the Citizens Advisory Council and the large private insurance companies represent a great body of informed public opinion on the desirability of insurance over relief, Mr. Hoover's objections seem to be ill-founded. We hope that the coverage of contributory social-security insurance is expanded and the benefits increased by the present Congress. Public relief ought to be, as far as possible, replaced by insurance programs. The "dole" is not an American ideal.

May Day around the world

May 1, traditional day for communist and socialist demonstrations of their love for the working man, followed the usual pattern behind the Iron Curtain. In Moscow, in addition to ribald lampooning of U. S. leaders and charges of "warmongering," there was a display of the newest Russian jet planes, "the fastest in the world." Prague and Warsaw aped the master, though they had no jet planes to unveil. But on this side of the infamous Curtain there was a heartening development. Anti-communist forces seem increasingly aware that they can adopt some of the Red tactics and turn them to a good end. In Paris, Santiago, Havana, Berlin and many another capital, the anti-Reds organized their demonstrations and stole some of the totalitarian thunder. In Rome, for example, the Free Trade Unions for the first time held their own rally, and their growing strength may be judged by the fact that the communist-dominated General Federation of Labor now claims a fallen membership of five million. Two years ago it boasted of seven million. New York had its two parades and 30,000 Catholics at the Polo Grounds prayed for Russia and peace. Communism's undiluted love for the working man is becoming more and more suspect in many quarters of the globe and the suspicion is growing more vocal and organized. Perhaps in these same quarters the conviction will also grow that Pope Pius XII spoke the simple truth in his May 1 address to a group of workers. He said: "The Church loves the working-man as such, favors labor contracts, defends a just salary, blesses the family and the home of the worker as well as the whole working world." This May 1 witnessed, wherever it was possible, a more organized demonstration of those who really love the working-man. It was, for that reason, a memorable May Day.

Anti-semitism behind the Iron Curtain

Jews in Russia are not made any more comfortable these days by assurance that in the Soviet paradise anti-semitism is illegal. Not when anti-semitism is promoted as a government policy. The "anti-patriotic internationalism" of Zionism and the "bourgeois cosmopolitanism" that cultivates cultural contacts with the West are currently convenient excuses for a public pillorying of Jewish

artists and a bloodless (to date) pogrom of Jewish political figures. In addition to cartoons of hook-nosed intellectual traitors, it has become common practice in the magazine smear campaign to print original and identifiably Jewish names after the Slavic version. In Russia's satellites the purge was described in a 58-page report issued on May 3 by the American Jewish Committee.

It is not difficult to recognize the communist goal. Whether the victims be Zionists, Jewish community leaders, priests, ministers or rabbis, the offense is the same, failure to satisfy the requirements of Soviet fanaticism.

Independent Jewish organizations are being dissolved; Jewish religious and civic leaders are being purged, arrested or forced to flee; religious education is being abolished; Jewish cultural life is being destroyed and remaining Jewish organizations are being used for communist purposes.

The result confirms the survey of the Jewish Labor Committee (AM. 3/12, p. 614). The blow-torch from behind the Iron Curtain reached as far as New York where the communist-controlled Yiddish newspaper, *Freiheit*, pleaded guilty of being "Jewish, bourgeois, nationalist," leaving red-faced the Jewish Reds in the Fur Workers Union. Incidentally, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith had announced on April 17 that 1948 was a "good year" for Jews in America, with anti-semitism decreasing. Incidentally, again, anti-Catholicism increased appreciably in America in 1948.

Arms for Europe

Secretary of State Acheson and Roving ERP Ambassador Harriman must be asking themselves just how one goes about the touchy business of winning friends and influencing people on Capitol Hill. Sensitive to criticism that the Administration has been sugar-coating pills in its dealings with Congress, the gentlemen did some blunt speaking a fortnight ago on military aid under the Atlantic Pact. Testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, they said quite frankly that, though distinct, the question of the Atlantic Pact cannot be separated from the question of arms for Europe. As a reward for their plain talk, Senator Vandenberg exclaimed that the Administration witnesses were tending "dangerously" to underestimate the Pact and exaggerate the military-aid program. If Senator Vandenberg, who has been closely associated with foreign policy for the past four years, reacted in this way, imagine the feelings of some of his isolationist colleagues. Yet on few subjects should sugar-coating be less necessary. Anybody who knows the mood of the peoples of Western Europe must realize that to them the Atlantic Pact alone is the most futile and dangerous of policies. Without an arms program to support it, they feel that the United States is asking them to stand up to Soviet Russia and, with chips on their shoulders and not much more than sling-shots in their hands, call the bully's bluff. On May Day, General de Gaulle told a Paris audience that the Atlantic Pact, since it provided no defined aid by which an aggressor might be repelled *before* crossing the frontiers of France, was no guarantee of the nation's security. That is the important point to the European peoples. If the

Senators can understand only this much—that our friends abroad do not want to be “liberated” but saved from the tragedy of enemy occupation—they will see that military aid and the Atlantic Pact go together. To emphasize this connection is not, as Senator Vandenberg said, a dangerous tendency. The real danger lies in closing our eyes to it.

Significance of Britain's election

Within the past two weeks British political leaders fired the opening shots in what Winston Churchill recently called “one of the most memorable” of all general elections. The elections are scheduled for next year. Addressing a large audience in London's Albert Hall on April 29, Anthony Eden revealed that the Conservative Party would offer a four-point domestic program opposed to Labor policies of socialization and high taxation. If elected, he pledged, the Conservatives would 1) cut government spending and reduce taxes, 2) put a stop to nationalization, 3) provide incentives at all income levels, and 4) revive the “Victorian respect for thrift.” In a reply, two days later, Prime Minister Attlee said that the Labor Party would take its stand on four freedoms: freedom of speech and conscience; freedom to choose the government; freedom for the individual from oppression by the strong; freedom for the individual from the tyranny of economic power in the hands of a few. Clarifying the last point he said:

Freedom today does not consist, as the old-time individualist thought, of letting the individual struggle for mastery while the government holds the ring.

Freedom can only be secured in an organized society where blind economic forces are controlled in the interests of all.

Read in the light of Mr. Eden's four-point program, these words reveal that the great issue in the British elections is the nature of economic freedom. Catholics have a great opportunity to come forward with proposals which avoid both the excessive individualism of the “Victorian” ideal of economic freedom and the excessive absorption of social organization by the State (see “Catholic Judgment on ‘The Welfare State,’” AM. 4/2, p. 704). We stand for *neither* excessive individualism *nor* statism, but the encouragement and regulation by the state of social institutions so as to enable them to meet the needs of society.

What the Justices read

A member of the Tennessee bar, Walter P. Armstrong, conceived the novel idea of asking the Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court what books they read. The Justices generously consented to indicate the kind of books they at least “dipped into.” Mr. Armstrong lists them in the April issue of the *American Bar Association Journal*. One must bear in mind, of course, that some Justices have a lifetime of serious professional reading behind them, so their current reading is not necessarily indicative of their acquaintance with legal literature. The divergences are so wide, however, as to be highly interesting. Chief Justice Vinson and Justices Jackson, Frankfurter, Reed and Burton all presented rather imposing

lists. Mr. Jackson, for example, keeps abreast of Soviet jurisprudence, in which he became interested at Nuremberg. Mr. Reed studied Joseph Stalin's *Leninism*. This type of reading is useful for all cases involving Communists and communism. Mr. Burton has done his colleagues, especially Mr. Frankfurter, the honor of reading their books, and he has read widely in the history of the Court. One wonders what he could learn, however, from an elementary thing like T. J. Norton's *Constitution of the United States*, now used as a hand-out by a propaganda agency. Mr. Frankfurter is especially interested in Jeremy Bentham's utilitarianism, and in Sir John Maynard's volumes on Russia. Mr. Reed specializes in criminal law, while Mr. Burton reads up on patents. Jackson, Frankfurter and Reed all thought Harold C. Laski's *The American Democracy* worth their time. Justices Douglas, Rutledge, Black and Murphy seem to do little reading in the field of law, the first-named listing *The Coming of the Pond Fishes* as one of his diversions. Mr. Murphy lists a dozen Catholic religious books, most of which a well-read Catholic would have got through many years ago. He mentions nothing in the legal field at all, and Mr. Armstrong makes no comment on his list. Notable omissions: *The Roosevelt Court*, by C. Herman Pritchett (mentioned only by Mr. Black); *The First Freedom*, by Wilfrid Parsons; *Judicial Doctrines of Religious Rights in America*, by W. G. Torpey; *The American Constitution*, by Alfred H. Kelly and Winfred A. Harbison. The Justices seem to read little economics and sociology.

Asbestos workers strike in Quebec

Several well-informed and highly placed persons, conversant with conditions in Quebec, have taken exception to our editorial comment, “Quebec's asbestos strike” (AM. 4/23, p. 104). They have written to say that the strike involves the entire Canadian asbestos-producing area, including four asbestos-mining companies having no connection with Johns-Manville, and that only half of the five thousand strikers are employed by that Company. Representatives of the Catholic Church are said to be more divided than we indicated. Johns-Manville contends that it has spent over a million dollars in the last ten years to improve health and dust conditions, not only in the mines but in the whole community. As wide circulation has been given to our editorial comment in Quebec by those who support the strike, we hope that wide circulation will be given to our willingness to hear the other side. We received a lengthy statement of Johns-Manville's position, addressed to the editor personally. Our “Correspondence” columns can conveniently handle letters of only 250-300 words, and they should be clearly indicated as “for publication.” Next week we will run such a letter from Johns-Manville.

Index to Volume LXXX

Copies of the index to Volume LXXX, covering issues of AMERICA from October 9, 1948 to April 2, 1949, inclusive, are now ready for distribution. Subscribers who wish copies can obtain them upon request from our business office at 70 East 45 St., New York 17, N. Y.

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WASHINGTON FRONT

Better relations between the President and the Congress are likely to come about by the word being quietly passed around that the program Mr. Truman outlined in his Inaugural and State-of-the-Nation addresses was never intended by him to be adopted in the first session of the 81st Congress, that it was a four-year proposal, that he will be satisfied if all or most of it is legislated by the end of his term in 1953.

The significance of this takes several directions. For one thing, it ought to take the bitterness out of the congressional campaigns in 1950. There will be no comparing this Congress with other Congresses, as "the worst" or "next worst" (after all, it is a Democratic Congress). Consequently, each Democratic and Republican Representative or Senator will run on his own record; the work he has done and the work he promises to do in fulfilling the program Mr. Truman has outlined.

Second, it ought to go far to eliminate "politics" (the 1950 elections) from consideration of pending legislation. Nobody will be sore if the whole program is not immediately legislated this year.

Third, this very fact will make it very difficult to indulge in "deals" between the various group interests involved in the whole program, since the whole program is to be spread over this and the 82nd Congress. That is

a precious asset for the Administration, as things stand.

Finally, the President can with good grace, and gratefully, consent to the adjournment of this session in June, without any threat of a special session later. He will have Congress "off his neck" from the end of June until it comes back in January, 1950. He can also in good faith praise the record of the session *so far*. After all, he has three sessions to go.

A good deal of the confusion in the situation lies at the door of the Washington correspondents and the newspapers themselves. They took for granted that the President wanted all his ideas legislated in this session. Such a thing had never been done, even under Roosevelt. Besides courage, the President has another characteristic of a good public servant: patience. He can afford to wait.

There has, it seems to me, been a curious omission in the debates on the public-health program. It has to do with its cost. It has been well said about the members of the medical profession that they belong to the only profession which confessedly aims to put itself out of business—by keeping its clients healthy (ditto, the dental profession). In this respect health differs from old age, unemployment, disability from accidents, etc., which remain fairly constant. The more we do about the public health, the better the health of the public will be. It follows, therefore, that the costs will decrease. In this case, the more we spend initially—whether by insurance premiums (preferably) or by dole payments—by the nature of the case, the less the payments will ultimately have to be.

WILFRID PARSONS

OUR ASSOCIATES

From all over the country Associates are rallying to AMERICA! Listed below are the first ones to reply to our appeal. Is your name on the list? It is not too late to

join. Are you hesitating because you just can't "take on" another organization? Be reassured. By becoming an Associate you commit yourself to no further activity unless you freely choose to do so. In some cities—Chicago, Denver, Syracuse, New York—some Associates are organizing; and we're happy about it. We will welcome just as warmly your individual allegiance. Let us print your name next week. Here are the first names to come in:

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Bowdern, Dr. Edward H., St. Louis, Mo.
Buckley, Louis F., Chicago, Ill.
Burns, Rev. F. J., Minneapolis, Minn.
Byrne, Catherine, Baltimore, Md.
Callegary, Claude L., Baltimore, Md.

Carr, Mr. & Mrs. H. B., Syracuse, N. Y.
Clarke, Mr. & Mrs. Arthur, Hackensack, N. J.
Coburn, J. W., Bridgeport, Conn.
Connors, Rev. J. W., Lakewood, N. J.
Cortese, Dr. Thomas A., Indianapolis, Ind.
Cronyn, Mrs. J. B., Detroit, Michigan.
Crump, Elmo E., West Caldwell, N. J.
Cunningham, Patrick M., Milwaukee, Wis.
Curtin, James D., Syracuse, N. Y.
Cygan, Henry F., Chicago, Ill.
Dawson, Robert C., Syracuse, N. Y.
Deckop, Charles, Buffalo, N. Y.
Dempsey, Francis Gerard, Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Denvir, Robert S., Hartsdale, N. Y.
Duffy, Mary C., South Orange, N. J.
Dwyer, Dan, Syracuse, N. Y.
Earnest, Bee, Toledo, Ohio.
Fagan, Patrick T., Pittsburgh, Penna.
Fiorelli, Thomas A., Staten Island, N. Y.
Fitzgerald, Margaret, Palisade, Nebr.
Fitzgibbon, Gerald, Chicago, Ill.
(Continued on inside back cover)

Religious best sellers

There used to be a fairly standard grumble among those interested in promoting Catholic literature. It was supposed to answer the question why more Catholic books weren't sold and it consisted in a shrug of the shoulder and the statement that "well, Catholics don't read much."

That may have been true, say a decade ago, but it is not true now. Obviously, it should not be true, for we are now moving into an era wherein the fruits of Catholic education are becoming more manifest. Not all Catholic graduates, of course, carry into their adult lives habits of study and reading, but if a good percentage did not, then we would have seriously to examine our consciences on the effectiveness of Catholic education.

Theory aside, facts prove that Catholics are reading more today than ever before. The *Publishers' Weekly* for April 9 reports that "Catholic books are generally the top sellers this spring." The by now famous *Seven Storey Mountain* has sold almost 200,000 copies. *Seeds of Contemplation* by the same author (Thomas Merton, to impart some unnecessary information), is the fastest selling book New Directions has ever published. The first two printings of 7,500 copies each have been sold out since March 2.

Thomas Merton is the religious book news of the year, but others make good showings, too. Father James Keller's *You Can Change the World* has gone to the number of 95,000. More remarkable, perhaps, is the sale of *The Teaching of the Catholic Church*. It is a two-volume set selling at \$12.50, but, despite the price, 10,000 sets have been sold.

It is reported that Sheed and Ward had the most successful March since the opening of the firm's American branch in 1933. Advance orders for *Immortal Diamond* (studies on Gerard Manley Hopkins) were very high.

Msgr. Fulton Sheen makes the best-seller list again. Last fall his *Philosophy of Religion* went very well, and his recent *Peace of Soul* sold out the first printing of 35,000 and has gone into two more.

Not all the readers of these books, naturally, are Catholics. In fact, one of the astonishing things about *The Seven Storey Mountain* is the number of non-Catholics to whom it appeals. But we may presume that the vast majority of readers of these Catholic books are Catholic, and that Catholics, therefore, *do read*.

Publishers, it is said, give three reasons for this admirable trend. There seems, they say, to be "a return to religion" since the war; religious books are a good value for the money at a time when living expenses are going up; publishers and booksellers are promoting religious books more vigorously. The first of these reasons may be largely discounted as far as Catholic readers go, and it would seem that another reason has been overlooked.

That reason is the simple one that these are all good books. With the exception of *You Can Change the World* (which makes no pretensions to literary style, being more or less in the nature of a handbook), these are well-written, cogent, craftsmanlike jobs. They are proof that

EDITORIALS

religious books need not be cloying and that, when they are not, they will be read widely.

The religious book has an apostolate to perform today that is tremendously fruitful. In an age of secularism, with religion divorced from education, the religious book is often the only means of contact between religion and the "modern mind." Catholics in general do not read them for that reason, but they can share in the apostolate if they will pass the word along that religious books can be, and are right now to a marked degree, good reading.

Watching China turn Red

As the Chinese Communists were announcing that they had cut off rail communications between Hangchow and Nanchang, southeast of Shanghai, the American people were impatiently waiting for the State Department to break its silence regarding China. Mr. Acheson's inarticulateness is sphinx-like.

Under-Secretary of State James E. Webb recently assured a gentleman named Frederick C. McKee, according to the latter, that "Our policy in China is under the most serious consideration at the time." The Chinese Red Army is pushing into South China. After months of choking at the gnat of the blockade of Berlin, we are swallowing the camel of communist domination of China. The country wants to know what we are going to *do* under these fearfully embarrassing circumstances. We are assured that the State Department is "considering" our "policy in China."

The disgraceful fact is that we have no "policy in China" to consider. We have had no policy for two years. What ought to be considered now, and should have been considered two years ago, is whether it wouldn't be a good idea to have a policy towards China. We have a general anti-totalitarian policy, but it seems to exhaust itself in Europe.

Before we adopt a policy towards China, the first step is to clear away the debris so that we can see what has happened in the last two years. The illusion still exists that we have poured \$2 billion in military assistance into China since V-J Day, and that ninety per cent of it has fallen into the hands of the Communists. This illusion reappeared in the *New York Times* as recently as April 24. On May 2, in an editorial, the *Times* itself renounced that distortion of what has happened:

When General Chennault appears this week before two congressional committees, those groups will be well advised to ask him for the actual truth about American aid to the Government in China. *That truth has not been frankly told in Washington*, and many Americans still believe that this country has

given two billion dollars in military aid to China since V-J Day, in spite of Secretary Acheson's explanation that that was not what he meant to imply. (Italics inserted.)

That is a very interesting correction, coming from the *Times*. For it was in that newspaper, on December 19, 1948, that Felix Belair, Jr. broke the first-page news of the allegedly adequate military aid of \$2 billion we had sent the Nationalists in a vain effort to hold back the Red tide. The very critical analysis of Mr. Belair's figures by the American China Policy Association was questioned, but it now seems that even the *Times* accepts it as valid. On Sunday, May 1, it published Mr. McKee's long letter pointing out that no more than \$105 million of effective military aid has been sent to China since V-J Day, and even that aid has been delayed. We gave more real military help to Turkey than we gave to China.

If we wake up from our Oriental slumber, we can still check the advance of the Chinese Reds. In the first place, they have never had to organize and administer the economic systems of China's large cities. Shanghai's huge power company, for example, needs American and British oil. Without power, Shanghai's huge textile industry would collapse. Through ECA we have provided 60 per cent of Shanghai's food. Cannot we make up our minds to shut off these supplies and cripple Red China?

Even militarily, all is not lost. How much military aid would it take to help the Nationalist forces to retain control of Canton and Formosa? Probably not very much. We ought to help them to retain a foothold somewhere on Chinese soil, to harry the Reds and prevent them from organizing all China in a solid Soviet front in Asia. What we could do if we tried, we do not know. So far, we really have not tried.

China in the UN

A complete debacle of Nationalist forces in China might conceivably have its repercussions in the UN when the Chinese Communists there seek diplomatic recognition by the various nations. At present Moscow still adheres to the Sino-Soviet Treaty of August, 1945 and still recognizes the Chinese Nationalist Government. The Soviet Union was the first to dispatch her ambassador to Canton when the Nationalist Government moved, whereas the U. S. ambassador stayed on in Nanking.

Should the Kremlin at any future time revoke the Sino-Soviet Treaty, however, and thereupon grant diplomatic recognition to the new communist regime in China, and should the Western Powers continue to recognize the Nationalist Government wherever it might be situated, the UN Security Council might be unable to continue to function. An insoluble dispute might develop over which "government" of China would have the right to appoint a delegate to sit in China's permanent Council seat with a right of veto.

The solution of this serious problem, which may well arise, is hard to foretell in view of the fact that the veto power rests in the hands of the U.S.A., United Kingdom and France, on the one hand, and of the USSR on the

other, in addition to China. Diplomats are concerned about this possibility because of the vital position of the Security Council with its veto powers in the entire UN structure. If such an impasse occurs, the Soviet Union could assert that the Security Council is not a legally constituted body as long as a representative of the Nationalist Government occupies China's chair. This could pose a life-and-death issue for the UN.

Germany and Europe

The cold war has been fought for one principal prize—Germany. On that sector of the continuing war the Russians seem definitely to have lost.

The lifting of the Berlin blockade appears virtually assured. The lifting of the blockade, moreover, will not deter nor even delay the formation of a government for Western Germany. It was to prevent the political salvaging of Germany and to force the West to retreat to the Rhine that the Soviets sealed off the city nearly a year ago. Their effort failed. Despite our unmitigated defeat in the Orient, we can be grateful that the tide has turned in our favor in Europe.

We now have a heartening answer to the key question of the postwar years—would Germany find its proper place in the European community or would her strength and skills be meshed into the Russian machine of world domination? Germany remains a part of Europe.

For this happy outcome there is credit enough for all. General George C. Marshall's refusal on December 15, 1947 to seek agreement for the simple sake of agreement unveiled the futile fiction of "discussions" of the Council of Foreign Ministers looking to a German settlement. In the face of Soviet stubbornness, the determination of England and America on June 1, 1948 put the Russians on the defensive. The magnanimity of the Marshall Plan put victory within our reach. It has won us the appreciation of all the statesmen of the West, including the Germans, as expressed most recently by Sir Stafford Cripps: "In one year ECA has done more for European unity than was accomplished in the preceding 500 years."

Germany's neighbors, despite their ancient fear of a strong power across the Rhine, realistically included Western Germany, the machine-shop of Europe, among the Marshall Plan beneficiaries. German political leaders themselves jeopardized their future careers in eight tedious months of constitution-drafting at Bonn—deep-rooted nationalism was scarcely likely to applaud their acceptance of a divided Germany. Meanwhile the resolute flyers of the Anglo-American airlift proved dramatically to the Russians—and to the Germans—that we could deliver the goods despite winter fogs and Soviet threats. The flexibility of France's Foreign Minister, Robert Schuman, made possible the simplified joint Occupation Statute which opened the door to a working and workable agreement with the German politicians. Unlimited credit is ungrudgingly due to Stalin, the architect of the Atlantic Pact and the instigator of the West's recovery of its sense of community.

General Lucius D. Clay, who retires on May 15, played

the part of a prime agent in saving Germany for Europe. In the words of President Truman: "His name will always be associated with one of the toughest tasks and accomplishments of American history." With General Clay must be associated his political adviser, Robert D. Murphy. They stand as symbols of the State Department position, clearly and vigorously outlined by Secretary Acheson in his address to the Newspaper Publishers Association on April 28.

The Secretary of State gave the people of Western Germany assurance that we "will agree to no general solution for Germany into which the basic safeguards and benefits of the existing Western German arrangements would not be absorbed." Non-German Europeans were assured "that this Government will agree to no arrangements concerning Germany which do not protect the security interests of the European community." Our own

The freight trains which will roll into Berlin on May 12 will carry the good news that Russia has yielded on at least one sector of the cold war in the face of our steadfastness. Other factors may have entered into the Russians' act of appeasement—eagerness to exploit their Far Eastern conquests, preoccupation with the dangerous distraction of Titoism, the cost of curtailed trade in their zone, and the hope of winning the good will of the Germans. But whatever, in sum, may have finally moved the Soviets, the Western Powers must not relax the firmness that won Berlin, when the Council of Foreign Ministers assembled in Paris on May 23.

Why trade unions?

"After the old trade guilds had been destroyed in the last century . . .," wrote Pope Leo XIII in 1891, "and when public institutions and legislation had cast off traditional religious teaching, it gradually came about that the present age handed over the workers, each alone and defenseless, to the inhumanity of employers and the unbridled greed of competitors." Therein, the Pope explained, lay the origins of modern industrial conflict.

Much better than the generation to which the encyclical *Rerum Novarum* was addressed, we understand that secularism is indeed a basic cause of social strife and class warfare. One may reasonably doubt, however, whether we see today the significance of the Papal reference to the medieval guilds any more clearly than did the highly individualistic men of the 1890's.

How many of us have a real appreciation of the nature of trade unionism, which is the modern form of the old craftsmen guilds, or of its function in society? Is it true that many industrialists still regard a trade union—any kind of a trade union—as a sort of necessary evil which they must live with only because the law coerces them to do so? Even people who sympathize with trade unionism, despite the defects of trade unionists, sometimes do so for the wrong reason, or at least for one that is inadequate. They look upon unionism as a necessary defense against the unjust, anti-social employer. If employers were generally fair-minded and benevolent, these friends of the workingman would, apparently, see no need

or justification for trade unionism. They miss almost completely its wider social significance.

The immediate occasion of these remarks is an article, "Social Function of Trade Unionism," which appeared in the June, 1947 number of the *Political Science Quarterly* and is reprinted in part in the current issue of the *Catholic Mind*. Though the author, Professor Frank Tannenbaum of Columbia University, is not a Catholic, he reveals that profound understanding of our social philosophy which one occasionally finds in scholars who sincerely seek the truth. His article is one of the best commentaries on Pope Leo's reference to the destruction of the guilds that we have ever seen.

Professor Tannenbaum finds that the great crime of the "Industrial Revolution" was to isolate the individual and leave him helpless and exposed in our machine society. He writes:

What the "Industrial Revolution" did to the individual, and especially to the individual laborer, was to disrupt his society, tear him loose from a traditional family and communal mooring and throw him upon his own resources. The timeless custom of being a member of a community, of belonging to a landed estate, of carrying on one's work in a family, or a "cottage industry," of being identified with a guild, of having a "mystery," in short, of being interlaced within a society as a moral person and having a specific "status," wore away more or less rapidly and in varying degrees. Man, for the first time in his history, was individualized to an extent he had never been previously.

Anyone with a knowledge of history, or of human nature, could have foretold the reaction of workers to this process of atomization. Grouped together physically in the industrial process, they "discovered a moral dependence upon each other and a basis of common faith, interest and objective." This they expressed through trade unionism. Dr. Tannenbaum truly observes:

The trade-union movement represents a return to an older and socially "normal" way of life on the part of the men, skilled and unskilled, who do the labor of the world. If the historical record has any meaning, then we must assume that a sense of identity among men engaged in a common craft, trade, industry or occupation is an organic relationship to the function. Men functionally identified develop a sense of their part of the social universe which is peculiarly their own and which they, in fact, can share with no one else. How otherwise explain the fact that the guild for traders, craftsmen and artisans is a seemingly universal phenomenon?

Trade unionism came because it was in the nature of things, not because outside agitators stirred up otherwise contented workingmen. Man is a social and moral being. He is a member of a society, and society is, or ought to be, organic. He is not an isolated individual moved solely by thought of gain or loss. The concept of economic man is a myth, as Dr. Tannenbaum rightly says—and therein lies the real meaning of unionism:

If there is any meaning that can be derived from the persistent grouping of men about their tools or within their industry, it is the very clear attempt to reassert human experience, namely, that work must fill a social, a moral, as well as an economic role. That is what Leo XIII said a half century ago.

Those Snow-white Chinese Reds

James F. Kearney

With world communist "peace" congresses cheering the news of Red victories in anguished China, here in America there are still men trying to soothe us with the idea that maybe things aren't so bad out there after all. Take the case of Edgar Snow. In answer to the question: "Will China become a Russian satellite?" (*Satevepost*, 4/9/49), Mr. Snow says he believes there is a good chance that Red China will not play Stalin's game.

The *Post* editor's statement that the author of the article "knows the Chinese Communists perhaps better than any other American" warrants examination of the record of this "authority" on the China Reds. In the beginning of the article in question, Mr. Snow says: "It has never been my contention that the Chinese Communists are not really Communists." If he will consult his own book, *People on Our Side* (Random House, 1944, p. 290), he will read: "For Americans with little background on China the term 'Communist' may be misleading. The fact is that 'communism' was never established in China . . . and Chinese Communists never claimed otherwise." In the course of years we find that Mr. Snow has contradicted himself half a dozen times on this particular point. When the Party line says these Chinese are Red, then for Edgar Snow they become really Red; if Moscow calls for another color, he complies in his cheerful, dogmatic statements. In quoting Mr. Snow, therefore, one should give the exact year, month, day—perhaps even the hour—he held that particular opinion. It is all so reminiscent of the communist policy of confusion.

A couple of thousand Catholic missionaries have lived in Chinese communist-held areas for quite some time. If Mr. Snow or the editors of the *Post* wish to inform themselves of real conditions in those territories, they should condescend to consult the nearest Catholic editor. The Catholic press, for years, has faithfully reported eyewitness accounts by bishops, priests and sisters, and has published reliable news items gathered by NCWC correspondents.

The facts Mr. Snow and the *Post* editor might learn are as follows: in Red areas, although the people are told they are sovereign, they have nothing to say. The Red regime has promised heaven, and has given the poor people hell. To date the Chinese Communists have piled up a hideous record of murder (almost a hundred missionaries since VJ day) terrorism, pillage, land confiscation; denial of free speech, free press, free worship; suppression of mission schools; violation of every basic principle an American holds dear.

In case Mr. Snow should say these reports are exaggerated, or unauthenticated, we refer him to quotations from the *China Weekly Review* (11/15/47, p. 350), a leftist Shanghai magazine for which he used to work. On

Father James F. Kearney, S.J., has years of personal experience of the Chinese people in general and of Chinese Communists in particular to qualify him as a critic of Edgar Snow's journalistic gyrations on the present Chinese tragedy. Fr. Kearney spent eighteen years working in the Chinese mission field, as teacher, editor and radio-league director.

the land-reform program, we read: "Article 2: Land ownership rights of all landlords are abolished." "Article 3: Land ownership of all ancestral shrines, temples, monasteries, schools, institutions and organizations is abolished." "Article 11: All land deeds and all notes on debts contracted prior to the reform of the agrarian system shall be declared null and void." This is the program Mr. Snow is asking Americans to subsidize, as the *Post* article reveals.

The following statement by P. Joliet, a Frenchman, is merely one of hundreds that could be quoted to indicate the feeling of the Chinese toward the Reds:

Having lived constantly in close contact with the peasants in North China for ten years and experienced every stage of the conquest of that region by the 8th (Red) Army, I have been a witness of the attitude of the population in regard to them and can give my word of honor that 99 per cent of the population (others say only 95 per cent) curse the Red regime in their heart, and even openly when they are assured of privacy and can speak in Chinese to a foreigner whom they trust. All praise the regime in words, hide their resentment and show themselves satisfied when they have to speak through an interpreter to foreigners. This is out of fear of reprisals: torture, pillage, forced labor. Hence, the testimony of any foreigner accompanied by Communists has no value as an indication of the true mentality of the people.

M. Joliet, who knows the Chinese language and mentality thoroughly, singles out Edgar Snow's *Red Star Over China* as a book that definitely does not represent the Chinese peasant's real reaction to communism. He and all China residents know that during the past year, at the mere rumor of a Red advance, even the poorest in a Chinese village would drop everything and run. The thousands of destitute refugees from Red areas who have been cared for by missionaries, and others near the large cities are eloquent proof of what the people think of China's Reds.

In his *Post* article Edgar Snow has summed up his reasons for believing we can deal with Chinese communism. We select a few points for examination.

1. The contention that Moscow can't hope to control China is based on the belief that China's Marxists have been internationalists in theory but nationalists in practice. This is the present theme song of most U. S. leftists. Back in the early 1920's Moscow's leaders argued: "World revolution isn't progressing very well in Europe. It will begin effectively only when Asia's hundreds of millions of oppressed peoples have been put into motion. Far-off China is the key to Bolshevik success." There is little attempt by leftists to deny Moscow's influence in the early days of the Chinese Red party, but they deny it is

clear after 1927. Before the House Committee in March, 1948, however, Mr. William Bullitt testified:

In 1934 when I was ambassador in Moscow the Soviet Government issued a book (we bought copies for the U. S. Government) entitled: *The Strategy and Tactics of Communist Revolution in China*, in which it listed 40 directives it had given the Chinese Communist Party on how to conduct its affairs. In 1935 when I was at Moscow, representatives of the Chinese Communist Party were prima donnas at the meeting of the Third Internationale in Moscow. The Party line has never been broken by the Chinese Communist Party. . . . The same man, Mao Tse-tung, is conducting the Communist Party of China today who has conducted it for the past 20 years.

To show how the Chinese Reds have always veered with the party-line: early in 1935 they were instructed by Moscow, says Freda Utey (who once worked in the Moscow bureau directing China Red affairs), to cease fighting Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang and try to make an alliance with them against Japan. They did so. After the Russo-Japanese pact in April, 1941, the Chinese Reds obediently followed Russia in recognizing Japan's Manchukuo, and denounced all Chinese who objected. In the 1944 Japanese drive south, which almost lost the China war for the U. S. and Chiang, the Chinese Reds did nothing serious to prevent this or to cut the Japanese communications. Our missionaries lived in those areas and report that one-tenth of the Red effort was expended against the Japanese, the other nine-tenths to consolidate their own position for postwar work against the Chinese Government.

2. Mr. Snow goes on to say: "Except Yugoslavia, China has the only Communists who actually came to power without direct political or military dependence upon Russian arms." By *Russian* arms he doubtless means arms manufactured in Russia. In his article he never mentions the well-known fact that Russia turned over to her Chinese satellites the huge supply of Japanese arms they captured, and which by treaty should have gone to the Chinese Government. Major General Chennault, who should be a better authority on this point than Edgar Snow, estimates that there was enough Japanese matériel to equip a million Chinese Reds for ten years of fighting. This single item represents Moscow's huge stake in the outcome of the China war, and far outweighs anything the U. S. has contributed to stave off a Kremlin victory. Yet it does not prevent Mr. Snow from asserting: "From the best information I could get when I was in Korea in 1946, the Russians had given little help to the Chinese Reds. The latter were rather inclined to look upon their 'loyal allies' as an obstacle."

3. The next affirmation of note is this: "It is doubtful if 10 per cent of the Chinese Central Committee are Soviet-educated. In the rank and file not one in 10,000 has been sent to Russia." That is just about the right proportion needed to take over any nation for the Kremlin. "They have learned their Marxism largely from the history of the Chinese party, the textbooks and doctrines worked out in the writings of Mao Tse-tung." If Mao were not an orthodox Marxist, that might be dangerous; but in 1945 he stated categorically to newsman John

Roderick: "Chinese Communists are completely, irrevocably and aggressively communist in the full sense of the Marxian and Leninist word." General Wedemeyer before the House Committee in March, 1948, was asked: "Are the Chinese Communists primarily Communists, or Chinese patriots?" His reply: "Mao Tse-tung, through Chou En-lai, stated categorically to me that they are Communists as such. They are definitely Communists as we understand the term Communist. I asked them: 'If you had to choose between the communist movement and your country, China, which would you choose?' Chou En-lai said: 'the Communist side.'"

Further, when the Cominform denounced Tito last year, Mao denounced Tito; when Reds in all the big countries made their open profession of loyalty to Stalin in case of war against the Soviet Union, the China Reds, according to an April 3 AP dispatch from Shanghai, obediently followed suit by denouncing the North Atlantic Pact and declaring they would "march forward hand in hand with the ally of China, the Soviet Union . . . to overthrow the entire imperialist system and realize the liberation of all mankind."

In this question of the strained relations between Mao and Stalin that Mr. Snow has conjured up, where does America come in? Mr. Snow thinks of everything: "So long as it is true that the U. S. is the main support of the old regime in China . . . Americans will easily hold their present position as foreign enemy Number One." How can we escape that odious title? It's all very simple. Mr. Snow pictures it thus: Mao Tse-tung has outlined a huge reconstruction program. But the new communist state is really in a bad way and deserves American sympathy—"It starts off with a nation that is bankrupt . . . its cities ruined, its railways wrecked, its machinery antiquated or useless, its river and canal systems broken down, its people hungry, weary and ragged, eager to work but lacking tools." That's where Uncle Sam comes in. "If the new regime is to make a speedier success of modernizing China than its predecessors, it will have to seek aid wherever practical, rather than abide by ideological preferences."

One has to admire the temerity of Mr. Snow in asking the U. S. taxpayer to finance a needy Red regime in the midst of the "cold war" between us and Russia. To see its absurdity, it is only necessary to ask what our reaction would have been to a similar request from a pro-Hitler American asking us to finance a newly conquered puppet state. The British in Hong Kong, who held much the same opinion as Edgar Snow about the Chinese communist desire for trade with non-Soviet states, have already been sadly disillusioned by their experience in newly captured Tiensin and Peiping and have had to close down their offices. The recent naval incident on the Yangtse augurs a speedy end to such ideas.

Were Mr. Snow a real authority on the Chinese Reds



he would know what everyone who has lived with them for a long period knows: that they have no desire to build up the living standard of their people. On the contrary, as a foreign doctor who got caught in Chefoo when the Reds moved in told me over a year ago in China: "The aim of the Reds is to reduce everyone, rich and poor, foreigner and Chinese, to the level of the Shanghai beggar." Edgar Snow, having lived in Shanghai, knows what that means. My guess is that if there is any important foreign trade going out of the newly conquered China ports it will go to Soviet Dairen and Port Arthur, so generously handed over to Moscow by an ailing President Roosevelt without previously consulting Chiang Kai-shek, head of an allied government.

If there is any important element in our State Department taking Mr. Snow's ideas seriously this may explain the disastrous Far Eastern policy the Department has been following. Mr. Snow's opinions may be due to ignorance, but the State Department has been kept well informed on the real character of China's Reds. American Catholics could help by backing up those Senators who demand a quick investigation of those responsible for engineering the collapse of the only group resisting Red domination of China. Those who sold Chiang down the river would like to do the same for General MacArthur; and their master plan also calls for turning the Philippines and Southeast Asia over to Moscow. It ought to be possible to replace these men with Americans.

Sisterhoods need vocations

Edward F. Garesché

Since the publication in AMERICA of a series of articles on vocations by the present writer some eight years ago, an immense increase of interest in the subject has been noted, both among the clergy and the laity. In those earlier articles I gave a detailed account of the results of a questionnaire I had sent to many religious communities of women throughout the United States. The answers by Mothers General and Mothers Provincial showed their keen anxiety over the situation. While the demand for the work of their sisters was constantly increasing, the number of vocations was inadequate, in most cases, even to keep up the work they were doing. The detailed replies showed that the institutions were getting only about three-fourths as many postulants as they needed for upkeep and normal expansion.

The interest and appreciation stirred up by these articles was gratifying. Many who had been unaware of the perplexities of the Superiors began to take a lively interest in the question of vocations. Other interesting surveys were made, some based on the replies of sisters themselves. Diocesan study programs have in the meantime been successfully carried forward. Meetings were arranged to suggest ways and means of increasing voca-

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Daniel A. Lord, S. J.

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tions, notably the regional conferences organized by the Missionary Union of the Clergy. And while, before the publication of the series, few articles had appeared on the subject, since that time our Catholic periodicals have given considerable space to this topic of vocations, and the pressing need of encouraging more of them.

With these facts in mind, it seemed important to bring the survey up to date. Interest in the subject remains high, but the need of vocations is apparently even greater than before. My office therefore addressed another questionnaire to communities all over the United States, in which we asked Mothers General and Provincial to answer a series of questions: 1) What has been the number of postulants during the past years, since the last survey? 2) What number is needed per year to carry on work and allow for a normal growth? 3) What measures are you taking to increase the number of applicants, and which are most effective? 4) What present influences and conditions do you think favorable to vocations, and which are unfavorable? 5) What suggestions can you make to increase the number of vocations? Are conditions becoming better, or are they the same, or worse? Superiors have been very generous in giving their time and interest to answering these questions. The sum total of their replies presents perhaps the best picture obtainable of present conditions and the trends.

The situation, as revealed by the survey, is even worse than at the time of the last questionnaire. The previous survey showed that some eight years ago our communities were getting only three-fourths as many vocations as they needed. From the recent answers it would appear that by and large they are receiving only one-third the number they need. Among all the communities which have replied to our recent questionnaire, the total number of postulants averaged eight a year for each community; the average number reported as necessary for these same communities is twenty-four a year. The current reports cover the eight years from 1940 to 1947. The mother houses are located in all parts of the country—north, south, east and west. The need seems a general one.

Some communities, it is revealed, fall far below this average: others surpass it. One Superior reports that her community has not had a single applicant from this country during all those years, though they need five a year to keep up. Another community, which needs three a year, has received only two applicants during the whole time. Another, needing twelve a year, has averaged one. We recall in this connection the statement of a Superior some years ago to the effect that there were in her community that year fifteen golden jubilees, but only three applicants for admission. Even those communities receiving large numbers of applicants are far below their need. One, which has averaged less than forty a year, needs one hundred and fifty. Another, needing a hundred a year, averaged less than twenty-five. In very few instances does the number of applicants equal the number needed, except in the case of contemplative communities, whose needs are very small.

When we read the letters that accompany these questionnaires, we find that they emphasize still more strongly

the need of more vocations. One Mother General says: "During the past year we have had to refuse seven schools, because we lack the sisters. The demands are so great that we could not even specify the number of applicants we need. We are being forced to employ lay teachers for the coming school semester." Another writes: "We need at least six times as many applicants as we are receiving." A third declares: "We are asked to make at least one new foundation every week, but of course we have no sisters to supply for these new tasks." A fourth reports: "We could use three or four times as many candidates to staff our schools, hospitals and orphanages and fill the many requests for sisters that we now have to refuse." A community which has averaged four applicants a year for the last eight years declares: "We need about twenty new vocations each year for at least the next five years, to care adequately for the growth and expansion of our houses; for this broadening of program has been going on, despite the extremely few vocations within the past eight years."

It is noteworthy that many of the Superiors, in replying to the question: "What number is needed per year to carry on the work and allow for a normal growth?" used the expression "at least" in giving the number they require. This means that the novitiates would welcome many more than are absolutely required. The number of schools that have to be refused for want of sufficient sisters makes this all the more clear. Then, too, when "postulants are listed as received, this does not mean that they all persevere."

Anyone who knows the extent and variety of the work done by our sisterhoods all over the world, in schools, hospitals and other institutions, the ever-increasing calls made upon them to undertake new activities, can realize the anxiety of the Superiors over the present situation. All Catholics, and indeed all our citizens, have reason for concern. The consecrated services of the sisters are of inestimable benefit, not only to the Church, but to many families and individuals whom, directly or indirectly, their labors benefit. Their untiring work blesses and helps an immense and ever-growing number. The patients in our hospitals, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, the out-patients, the visiting friends, the pupils in our schools and their families, the inmates of our institutions, all will be the worse for lack of sisters.

The answers to the third question: "What measures are you taking to increase the number of applicants, and which are the most effective?" are of great interest. From these replies it is clear that many communities are doing their utmost to inform young people who may have a calling to the religious life of the beauty, happiness and holiness of the religious dedication. Fervent prayers are being offered to win grace and courage and perseverance for them in this high calling. Other activi-



ties are enumerated which aim at helping toward this same end—retreats, vocation talks and meetings, plays, vocation clubs, posters, the observance of Vocation Month, usually the month of March, with classroom and assembly exercises.

Some of the communities maintain a "juniorate" to make up for inadequacies in previous schooling. Some have sister-recruiters who correspond with prospective applicants, conduct vocation meetings and days of recollection, speak at schools, etc. Some conduct a month of prayer to Our Lady, Patroness of Vocations. Others have a class period each month for the study of vocations. All these activities are useful to all the students whether they are called to God's service or not; they give to all a deeper appreciation of the Christian life.

Other helps suggested are vocation films, vocation scrapbooks, the publication of vocational periodicals; taking schoolgirls as companions to the sisters in their apostolic works. Prospects are invited to Profession and Reception ceremonies, and to pay visits to the novitiate. Participation in the daily Mass of the sisters is urged, and, if interested girls wish, they may attend Vespers and Compline.

Notices and articles in Catholic papers are also frequently used. So are Holy Hours and Days of Recollection. Talks to parents, to make them understand the

holiness and happiness of the religious life, are also thought important.

High up on the list of these worthwhile activities are two: one is the careful, objective and thorough explanation of the religious life in classes in religion, history, literature and in special conferences, so that all the students may have a true and commonsense appreciation of what a vocation to religion is and is not, and of the place it holds at the summit of the glorious pinnacle of the Christian life. Another is the teaching, which the sister gives by her personal life and example, of the happiness and holiness which are hers because of the complete offering she has made to Christ and to His needy brethren.

There remains, in the answers to the questionnaire, a variety of interesting observations in reply to the two last questions. A discussion of these we shall have to defer to another article. What has already been said will, we know, convince the thoughtful that few subjects are at present more worthy of prudent consideration and practical action, both for the sake of individuals and families and of the Church, and even of society.

(Father Garesché is President and Director of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, with headquarters in New York City.)

Philosophy in the nursery

Virginia Beck Smith

When a son is born to a bricklayer it is not automatically assumed that the child will literally follow in his father's footsteps and his future be charted forthwith as a bricklayer, at least not in this day and this nation. But when the progeny is male and the father is a philosopher then the consensus is that the kicking, squalling handful of humanity is destined to be a philosopher.

Since no attempts were made during infancy to start inculcating in our child the philosophical habitus, I breathed a sigh of relief that Aristotle Jr. would be allowed to develop normally, even as the offspring of less marked parentage. I wanted no brooding baby, meditating on the ultimate at the stage when wonderment should not be considered the exclusive badge of the philosophical mind but rather the delightful prerogative of the newly come to earth who find all lights and sounds and shapes a tremendous spectacle staged especially for their benefit.

I did not know then that to most men, and to those women too whose interests are spread beyond the domestic sphere into the professional world, the infant as infant is not a particularly interesting phenomenon. The human creature under six months is a being to be admired and complimented for the features which resemble either parent, but at the comfortable and unembarrassing

distance of his mother's arms. As an infant he has primary interest only as to his relationship to a set of adults and not as a personality in his own right.

But, in accordance with life's principle of growth, Aristotle Jr. emerged from the blissfully self-absorbed state of infancy and started to impress his individuality on the memories of visitors to the house. At the moment when he intruded his presence on the assembled company by other means than the infantile ones of crying attention to his needs, he became interesting to the professional folk who began to see in him and his development concrete demonstration of the principles of their particular fields. His actions also became a kind of workbook for his father, the philosopher.

My first experience with what was to become the accepted commonplace happened when Junior was about a year old. It was Christmas, and the baby was fascinated with the varicolored, bubbling lights of the Christmas tree, which he designated as the "Chris-tree." We took him downtown one day to become acquainted with the larger world of yuletide magic and, when his eyes fastened on the first department-store tree and he uttered the sound, "Chris-tree," his father bubbled more merrily than the tree bulbs.

"Did you hear that?" he exclaimed. "He has an apprehension of the universal. He has translated his knowledge of an individual Christmas tree, our own, to all Christmas trees."

I looked at Junior and marveled. That did sound like a feat uncommon to most babies.

From then on Junior was an object of study, and I was an amused auditor in the classes. I leafed through my bibles on baby care and progress, Dr. Spock's pocket-book and Dr. Bundesen's manual, and satisfied myself that Junior was developing at a natural pace, doing the things all babies do when they are supposed to do them, and in terms understandable by the least erudite of parents. I recalled the story of the mother whose priestly brother brought to her home all his pedagogical experiments to try on her child, teaching him to read at an age that would have appalled even the makers of I.Q. tests, and nearly turning him into an anti-social, introspective genius. It was just over the brink of this development that she clutched the child back into her own educational supervision and put an end to the nerve-taxing experiments.

Sometimes the diagnoses of Junior's mental evolution conflicted. It depended on the particular specialty of the individual who was observing him. One night at dinner Junior put on an entertaining show in his high-chair, making clowning gestures for the laugh they elicited and attempting every trick which would ensure him the spotlight.

As parents doting on each new phase of their first born's personality—as, incidentally, they never do with subsequent offspring because there is no longer the novelty—we applauded the performance. A social-worker friend who was our dinner guest indulgently allowed us our pride for a while, then shattered the illusion of cuteness by remarking that Junior was merely trying to attract attention. His father bristled.

"You people in social work and your constant efforts to analyze everything and everybody in terms of a sociological or psychological theory," he exploded. "Why, the child is not just trying to attract attention to himself. What he's doing is learning to create original situations."

The battle of the wits began. Knowingly or unknowingly, Junior had become the center of attention. I removed him, put him to bed, and he slept the angelic dreams of babyhood while the philosopher and social psychologist wrangled about his motives.

A great deal of the laboratory observation of Junior might have been prevented had we lived in quarters large enough for me to put him in another room to play by himself while we entertained, but unfortunately the housing shortage consigned us to an apartment that was little more than an oversized telephone booth. So Junior grew on the knees of the savants.

The next time the social psychologist came, Junior was in his playpen, which was placed in the only free floor-space in the so-called living-room. From that vantage point he could reach the bookcase, from which he pulled a precious first edition which we had acquired in an extravagant moment at Goodspeed's bookstore in Boston.

I leaped to snatch it out of his hands as he was about to tear a page.

"You should have let him have it," remonstrated the friend. "It's bad to stop drives like that in a child. Don't you know it causes repressions that can have serious effects in later life? Freud would say that when a child tears up a book he's merely showing a natural instinct for destruction."

"I don't care what Freud said about it," I answered rather tartly. "I'm remembering the serious repression in our budget when we bought that book and any child of mine is going to be taught to respect things, especially books, even if some of them do contain a lot of nonsense."

Another time a sister was visiting us, a member of the order we called "Sitters of Charity" because they brought their charity home to us when they generously offered to baby-sit while we attended a rare show. This sister had considerable experience in education and was working towards her doctorate in the field at the university where my husband taught. She was discussing one particular course in educational psychology when Junior, who was walking by, started to bring into the living-room all the contents of the kitchen cupboard which attracted his interest. This, of course, meant all the cans of baby food, which he proceeded to separate according to color and to stack on top of one another, taking especial care in getting the labels right side up.

"There," said Sister triumphantly, for she had great confidence in Junior's ability and delighted in remarking about it. "That shows an ability to differentiate."

I was happy that Junior knew how to make distinctions, but I was also eager for him to understand that things had their proper place. While he was carrying out the order to return the cans to their shelves, another friend, a philosophy student, came in. We talked about such trivialities as the weather and the details of practical existence until Junior returned to plump himself in the middle of the floor and play with his toys. He had a new set which consisted of circular rings and squares which he put on pegs.

"Put all the circles on one stick," Sister told Junior, and he obeyed.

"Now pick out the squares and put them on another stick," Sister continued. Again Junior complied.

The philosophy student praised Junior with a pat on the head and then looked at us with amazement and remarked: "Why, that shows he has reached the second degree of abstraction."

"And what, may I ask, does that involve?" inquired the non-philosophical mind.

"That means that he can distinguish the shapes of things, geometrical relationships, like circles and squares," he answered. "In the first degree of abstraction, he recognized color, sound, light and other motion."

"In other words," my husband added, "in the first degree of abstraction he recognized motion as analyzed by the cosmologist. In the second degree, he begins to show an appreciation for quantity, or number, which the mathematician is concerned with, and in the third

degree, he will advance to an understanding of being, which is the realm of the metaphysician."

By that time Junior was bored with the second degree of abstraction, and the non-philosophical mind was going around in circles.

It was not long afterwards that Junior graduated to the third degree of abstraction and became that highest of all speculators on the nature of reality, the metaphysician. This was when he started to ask the never-ending "why." It seemed such a simple thing, his wanting to know the reasons for things, but actually it is something profound when one analyzes it, as the philosopher father did.

"When he starts asking why," he commented, "he shows recognition of the principle of causality and thus has begun to elaborate on the notion of being and its principles. Man naturally desires to know everything, Aristotle said."

Although the average parent would have to sit back and reflect upon it for a while, that made sense, despite the fact that it was considerably more advanced than the primer of a child's questionings. I could see Junior in the role of metaphysician, albeit in the nursery stage, but I balked when a visiting Existentialist, a follower of Jean Paul-Sartre, put Junior in his school.

This individual, member of a secular faculty, had just returned from New York where he had witnessed one of Sartre's plays and was glowingly describing it when Junior started jumping up and down and crying: "I want my Grampa. Where's Grampa?"

I excused Junior's conduct, explaining that we were expecting his grandfather and that the child was getting impatient for him to appear. Meanwhile I reprimanded Junior for interrupting and ordered him to be quiet.

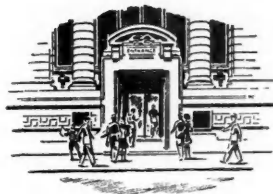
The Existentialist muttered that it was quite all right; he understood. He was going on with his analysis of Sartre when Junior again broke out with insistent wails that he was going out to find Grampa. We frowned menacingly at him and the Existentialist again declared: "Don't scold the boy. He is beginning to develop his own originality and individuality now. He is content no longer with existing, as he was in infancy, but is struggling to acquire essence, character, form. As an Existentialist he takes responsibility for himself, acting out of dread which is fear of nothing and moving to death which is the end of all."

This was too much to take, especially since Junior had taken responsibility for himself to the extent that he had bolted out of the door and was making for the street in search of Grampa. I caught up with him as he neared the sidewalk. His grandfather was turning down the walk at the same time.

"He couldn't wait till you got here," I exclaimed breathlessly. "Where did you promise to take him?"

Junior, his hand tightly gripped in his grandfather's, answered exuberantly: "Grampa take me downtown, see Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck."

Off they went in happy comradeship and I returned, smiling, to the house and the dreary Existentialist. Junior was safe in normal little boyhood. He was wild about Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck.



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London letter

TWO APOLOGIAS. Within the last year two apologies have been written by prominent members of the Communist Party who have become Catholics. Douglas Hyde, author of *From Communism towards Catholicism*, had been a Party member for twenty years and news-editor of the *Daily Worker* for five; Fred Copeman, author of *Reason in Revolt*, had been a member since 1931 and was an International Brigade commander in the Spanish Civil War.

Their process of disillusionment with the "faith" they had embraced was gradual—rather like the process of falling out of love—the coldness being often followed by reconciliations. But by and large it may be said that Russia's non-aggression pact with Germany caused Douglas Hyde's first tiff, and the behavior of the Russians since the war his second and irreparable one. All the time, however, there were slight shocks caused by the disparity between the rank-and-filer's idealism ("I more than once heard visiting readers say that when they entered the [*Daily Worker*] building they felt they were on sacred ground") and the "personal antagonisms, intrigues, amorous entanglements without ceasing" of those actually in control of the paper.

Fred Copeman (whose book is a full-size 230-page autobiography, whereas Douglas Hyde's is a mere 20-page pamphlet) first became disillusioned towards the end of the Civil War in Spain when it became apparent that the Russians were going to leave the International Brigade in the lurch, when "party politics" became more important than the ideals for which the Brigade believed itself to be fighting. On Mr. Copeman's return to England he was sent to Russia to be reinjected with communist fervor, but the injection did not "take" and after a little while he made his final break.

But it is one thing to leave the Communist Party and quite another to discover the Catholic Church. Mr. Hyde had been a church-going Methodist before becoming a Communist, and therefore to discover religion was not such an enormous revolution for him. He says, quite simply, that he rediscovered right and wrong, and recognized them to be "utterly un-Marxist"; and he rediscovered the individual at the expense of the Marxist "mass." "In concerning myself about the fate of bourgeois democratic leaders who were being hunted for their lives, I was admitting the intrinsic value of the individual when, as a Marxist, I should regard the individual as being of no consequence and the mass as being all that mattered." He then realized that the period of history he most admired was the Catholic period of the Middle Ages (what a *volte-face*!) and he eagerly read the Catholic press (this, be it whispered, I should have thought would have promptly damped his ardor), and finally met Catholics "in the flesh" through a Sword of the Spirit meeting.

Fred Copeman was introduced to the Church through an individual Catholic. He was in charge of deep shelters during the early bombings of London, and one of his fellow-workers attracted his attention by her

LITERATURE AND ARTS

exemplary courage. He discovered that she was a Catholic and they had long talks together. He then read the Catholic Truth Society pamphlets at the back of Westminster Cathedral, was particularly impressed by the logic of Fr. Martindale, S.J., and finally went to see him. Still full of communist prejudices, he expected to find the Farm Street presbytery very grand and was most impressed by the small, cold waiting-room he was put into. So he, too, and his wife and children were received into the Church.

But how chancy it seems, and how great is the personal responsibility of each of us!

Both Mr. Hyde and Mr. Copeman make it clear what excellent fellows many young Communists are. Mr. Hyde describes the Party's first appeal to him:

I had found nothing in Christianity which gave me such scope for my youthful enthusiasm and idealism; no sense of purpose to be compared with that of the Communists. Christians were complacent; Communists had a huge impatience with everything which was wrong with the world . . . Christianity had its martyrs of hundreds of years ago, but the average modern Christian seemed to be getting along pretty well without much hardship; the Communists had plenty of present-day martyrs . . .



Almost every "comrade" I met had been "victimized" several times; most of the unemployed were known as "reds" to prospective employers and so could hope for little more than an occasional job sweeping snow in winter. These were the real scorned and rejected among men and, in identifying myself with them, I was embracing something more sublime than any outworn Christianity. The first full-time party organizer I met, a talented dynamic ex-miner from South Wales, seemed never to eat and rarely to sleep. (He dropped dead some years later after speaking at over forty open-air meetings in a single week-end following a rebuke for slacking.) The international character of the movement, too, had a tremendous attraction . . . There was everything to appeal to youthful idealism and I had my full share of that.

This appeal, alas, isn't made any the less strong by the fact that Mr. Hyde and Mr. Copeman have joined the Church.

The two works are well worth the thoughtful consideration of all Catholics.

BARBARA WALL

America balances the books

Four and a half months of publishing produce quite a flock of books. Here is our round-up of the most significant titles of this season. Most of these books have been reviewed previously in our columns. A few newcomers have been added for your convenience, and we hope the summary will heighten your reading pleasure.

The social scene on the home front

Reflecting the widespread concern with social problems and the constant change in social relationships, the presses produced another startling total of social literature by Americans. For the most part, books that deal specifically with problems continue to manifest a sincere desire to find a naturally good answer. Obviously this answer cannot be complete, though it is a necessary pre-condition for the rehabilitation of society. Hence many books have been published in this field which should enhance any man's education and social formation.

Probably of primary concern in the line-up of American social problems is the whole question of industrial relations. An encouraging sign of a more healthy approach has been the appearance of several books stressing the positive aspect. Despite the news of seemingly universal industrial strife one might glean from the daily press, the fact is that labor and management have advanced in giant strides toward mutual understanding and even, in some cases, real industrial statesmanship. More and more people are realizing that the aims of labor, management and the community are not incompatible.

Thus, *Partners in Production: a Basis for Labor-Management Understanding*, by the Labor Committee of the Twentieth Century Fund, assisted by Osgood Nichols (\$1.50); and *The New Industrial Relations, a Symposium* (Cornell University, \$2) both emphasize the mutuality of labor-management aims and the necessity of recognizing the human element in industrial relations. More concerned with techniques, Richard C. Smyth and Matthew J. Murphy collaborate in an interesting volume, *Bargaining with Organized Labor* (Funk & Wagnalls, \$3.75). A handy little volume on labor law came from the pen of Father George Kelly, *Primer on the Taft-Hartley Law* (Christopher Press, \$1.75), in which he gives the ordinary citizen and rank-and-file worker a chance to find out what the current labor-law battles are about.

At least two fine books on economic principles arrived, for use as textbooks or otherwise. The first, William Hopkins' *Labor in the American Economy* (McGraw-Hill, \$3.50), is a clear exposition of the problems of labor itself (wages, hours, conditions) and those of collective bargaining. The sec-

ond, *A Survey of Contemporary Economics*, edited by Howard Ellis (Blakiston, \$4.75), is the composite work of thirteen economists and the editor attempting to survey within one volume the significant developments in the main streams of economic thought over the last decade and a half. The work was sponsored and financed by the American Economic Association, and will be of real value to anyone who feels the need of keeping abreast of those developments.

Thomas H. Greer's *American Social Reform Movements: Their Pattern since 1865* (Prentice-Hall, \$5.35) includes an unfortunate mixture of logical vagueness and excellent history. If we can forget the former, we can derive substantial benefit from the author's concise historical expositions of the labor, agricultural and various "left-wing" movements. Excellent bibliographies and a good index help to make Greer's book a worthwhile addition to the American historian's library.

Rural life, fighting to save for itself a proportionate share of national wealth and offering a path of safety to people whose lives have been knocked askew by big-cityitis, makes its customary contributions to social literature. Two books in particular, the one American, the other Canadian, call for the attention of all who are interested in the question. Carl C. Taylor's *Rural Life in the United States*, compiled by himself and seven others (Knopf, \$5), is a standard reference work which gives the reader an appreciation of the various problems, structural and functional aspects and geographic areas of American rural society. It avoids technical and economic questions for the most part, but this is more a benefit than a handicap, for their inclusion would make the book unwieldy and would detract from the emphasis given to life itself in rural America.

Across our northern border the *Semaines Sociales du Canada* held their annual meeting and published the fruit of their discussions in *La Vie Rurale* (Montreal, 1951, rue Rachel, est. \$2.15). Not nearly so extensive as the volume just previously described, and less given to the positive sociology of farm life, it examines more seriously the problems concerned with moral welfare, e.g., over-concentration of land ownership, migration of the youth to

city industries and the consequent weakening of the family. Readers will be rewarded by some practical suggestions on how these problems are to be met.

Turning our minds to the three great social ideologies of today, we find that each has invited the attention of writers. Individualism received well-deserved excoriation from the pen of R. S. Devane, S.J. in his *The Failure of Individualism* (Browne & Nolan, 18/). Father Devane retraces the familiar steps leading back from today's individualism to the individualistic "reformer" of Christ's religion 400 years ago. Actually he could have gone back a number of centuries beyond Luther to the philosophic individualists, but evidently that was not his purpose. His treatment is historical, and the value of the book is that it makes handy the references for academic condemnation of a system whose practical failure is evident all over today's world about us.

Collectivism, the ideology on the other extreme, comes in for its share of condemnation in Benjamin Gitlow's *The Whole of Their Lives* (Scribner, \$3.50). Actually the author trains his guns particularly on communism and its conspiracy in this country. As one who talks from his own personal experience as a communist during the first ten years of the party's legal existence in this country, author Gitlow introduces us right into the engine room of American communism, explains to us why a communist is what he is and does what he does. Undoubtedly this is one of the most valuable contributions to our understanding of communism made by any writer.

Satisfied that the extremes have little to offer, we turn to the common sense of Catholic social thought. In first place among books written on this subject is the first important commentary on the papal encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* in English since Father Dempsey gave us his edition of Father Nell-Breuning's classic almost fifteen years ago. Father Raymond Miller, C.Ss.R.'s *Forty Years After: Pius XI and the Social Order, a Commentary* (Radio Replies Press, \$2.75) is professedly and actually an implementation of the papal message. The author adds reading lists, various references and illustrative evidence and substantiation from the historical and social sciences. Table of contents and index are both very complete, hence helpful

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to teacher and student, writer and lecturer. The most valuable feature of the work is its extensive correlation of references and humbly offered thoroughness. It is definitely deserving of a prominent place on the shelf of encyclical literature.

The question of the relationship between church and state is the subject of a good book by Alvin W. Johnson and Frank H. Yost, *Separation of Church and State in the United States* (University of Minnesota. \$4.50). Obviously one of the most vital social problems of the day in America (and elsewhere), the church-state relationship in American history receives thorough treatment from the two authors. If anyone is looking for evidence of the Supreme Court's mistaken interpretation of the First Amendment in their McCollum decision, he will find it in the pages of this book. Oddly enough, the authors seek to bend over backwards in their attempt to begin and end their book with lip service to the "separation of Church and State" shibboleth. They could well afford to drop their first and last chapters, for these are frustrated by the rest of their book.

The American people, as such, are concerned with more than the church-state relationship, as is evidenced by several books investigating their attitude on world problems. Eric Johnston's *We're All in It* (Dutton. \$2.75) strives to make us realize that the American people have been charged with world leadership and must accept that charge for their own and the world's freedom and safety. That charge involves our responsibility to avoid another depression, to understand the people of Russia in order to make our ideas and principles acceptable to them. We must remain strong at home and maintain our stature abroad. The style and personality of Eric Johnston so infuse the book that its content is not its only selling point.

Robert Payne's *Report on America* (Day, \$3.50) calls for America to carry the crusader's banner in a new, magnified effort to win the world to a bill of rights and the four freedoms. Francis Biddle in *The World's Best Hope* (University of Chicago. \$3.50) asks whether our free enterprise system can work with socialist or semi-socialist governments of western Europe in our effort to rebuild the free societies of those countries. His affirmative answer is based on his claim that there is not much difference anyway between our economic system and at least semi-socialism. He tends at times to oversimplify, and even then to get caught on the loose ends of some of his own principles.

Finally, John Maurice Clark's *Guideposts in Time of Change* (Harper. \$3)

calls upon Americans to have more ready recourse to public action in facing our economic problems. While he includes many thoughts that make reading the book a benefit, he seems to be ensnared by the delights of increased state control, with no thought of privately initiated, publicly recognized autonomous groups. They alone, of course, can both save our liberty and achieve public service at the same time.

The problem of inter-ethnic relations gave rise to a few good books. The best of them was, perhaps, Beatrice Griffith's *American Me* (Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50) on the lot of Mexican-Americans in California, and Robert MacIver's *Discrimination and National Welfare* (Harper. \$2.50) on several inter-group conflicts. The latter is a compilation of several writers edited by MacIver, covering problems in certain areas (e.g., the slums), Negro-

and Oriental-Caucasian relationships, conflicts in union operations and between members of various church groups. Both books merit study, Miss Griffith's for a more particularized, Professor MacIver's for a more generalized treatment of an important problem.

The Young Women's Christian Association has created for itself an excellent record in the field of race relations. Its Interracial Charter, adopted in 1946, marked a new beginning in the process of the YWCA's interracial adaptations. *Toward Better Race Relations* (The Woman's Press. 600 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. \$2.50) places at the disposal of the public some of the wealth of practical experience gained by the organization in this process, including some of its more delicate and intimately social aspects. The work is pertinent and useful for all endeavoring to bring about better

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understanding between the different racial groups.

This work of creating better relations between the different social or racial groups may be approached on a short-term basis, e.g. through personal contacts, lectures, forums, campaigns turning on specific issues, etc. Or it may be treated from a long-term, more fundamental point of view, as part of the general educational process. This latter is not so much a question of special courses as of the attitudes towards persons of other races or groups taught in the run of textbooks at all levels. A publication of the American Council on Education, Washington, D. C., entitled *Intergroup Relations in Teaching Materials* (\$3), gives the result of a survey, by a distinguished committee of American educators, of 266 textbooks used in schools, 24 introductory college texts, and 25 college manuals, during the years 1944 to 1946. The textbooks reveal a considerable advance, though still with plenty of glaring deficiencies, in the understanding of the more technical aspects of intergroup relations, but reveal also a residue of un-spiritual positivism being taught to the youth of the country. The authors themselves are disturbed over this weakness, and make pertinent suggestions. Incidentally, why were no Catholic texts included, such as the Catholic University's fine *Faith and Freedom* series, the W. H. Sadlier textbooks, the Civics series used in the Brooklyn Diocese, and a number of others?

Community organization is one of the major instruments of intergroup adjustment, as well as one of the tasks which may fall to a social worker's lot. Those engaged in this field, rich equally in possibilities and in pitfalls, will appreciate *Organization for Community Action*, by Clarence King (Harper, \$3), a handbook, study text and guide for practitioners of community organization. The product of an experienced teacher, the material is attractively arranged in sets of practical proposals followed by instances drawn from actual life. The author concludes with an interesting, if pretty optimistic, study of the United Nations as an example of community organization on a large scale.

"The characteristic and frightening thing about our technologically conditioned situation of today is that a few voices speak to millions not once but incessantly," says Lyman Bryson. What does this vast expansion in communications mean for us psychologically and morally? What hope, if any, does it hold out for the peace of the world? These, and a dozen such searching questions, are asked and to some degree answered by sixteen leaders in the realm of science, philosophy and re-

ligion in a symposium edited by Lyman Bryson, *The Communication of Ideas* (Harper, \$3.50). The genie which the technological Aladdin has let loose is so multiform a creature that nobody can hope to sum up all these sixteen scholars have found to say about him. The great variety, incisiveness and novelty with which they discuss the world of new problems that communications have evoked is a reminder of the long and serious thinking that still needs to be done on that subject.

Books on more specialized problems included Albert Deutsch's provocative and challenging *Shame of the States* (Harcourt-Brace, \$3) on the shocking lack of care given to mental defectives by American society; Elmer Irey's story of the *Tax Dodgers* as told to William Slocum (Greenburg, \$3); and Joseph Hirsh's *The Problem Drinker* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$3). The perennial problem of freedom of the

press, about which it is good to be perennially concerned, gave rise to J. Edward Gerald's *The Press and the Constitution* (University of Minnesota, \$3.50) covering the field indicated by the title since 1931, when Chaffee wrote his famous book on the same subject. Herbert Brucker writes on the obligation of newspapers to inform the public honestly and intelligently in his *Freedom of Information* (Macmillan, \$4). From the viewpoint of propaganda, Wallace Carroll examines our successes and failures in psychological warfare and in publicizing American ideals and virtues in *Persuade or Perish* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4).

The past half-year did not, perhaps, give us many really great books on the American social scene, but many have been recognized as valuable and a real contribution to our understanding and correcting the problems that beset us.

JOSEPH B. SCHUYLER

Our troubled world community

Most of us have become finally convinced that what used to be called "foreign affairs" are in reality very intimately our own personal concern. Those who still doubt it should read *Public Opinion and Foreign Policy* (Harper, \$3.50), ably edited by Lester Markel of the *New York Times*. The biggest job confronting us is the salvaging of what remains of the peace. Unfortunately, just when we are convinced that we must understand international issues, our writers freeze up on us. If the output of books on world affairs during the past six months is any indication, the cold war is congealing minds as well as hearts. Little has been written that can guide us surely through the maze of modern world politics.

Bleak as the Russian tundra is Hans Morgenthau's *Politics among Nations* (Knopf, \$5.50). The author bares the basic reason for the growing fear that no final solution of the cold war is possible: the nations no longer acknowledge a common code of ethics on which a settlement could be founded. Having come at long last to realize that the Soviets have repudiated the principles of international morality, can we ever trust any of their promises? Professor Morgenthau has no answer to offer except the proposal that we improve our diplomatic methods—cold comfort to those whom he has convinced that the Russians would brush aside diplomacy the moment they felt strong enough to go to war.

Typical of the poverty of this period is G.D.H. Cole's *World in Transition* (Oxford Press, \$6). This "guide to the shifting political and economic forces

of our time" by the professor of political and social theory at Oxford itself shifts all over the lot. This muddied mélange of pragmatism and idealism well illustrates the helplessness of so many western intellectuals in face of communism because their own materialism makes them close kin to the Communists themselves.

More evidence of the confusion among the anti-Communists is found in the monumental symposium edited by Felix Gross, *European Ideologies* (Philosophical Library, \$12). You will find a good treatment by Max Nomad of communism, anarchism and syndicalism, and an enlightening discussion of political Catholicism by A. Mendizabal, but twelve dollars is a lot of money to pay for the excess baggage represented by anti-Catholics like G. Bor-gese.

Now that the "disinflation" has set in, we may hope again for a good five-cent cigar. What this country needs, even more desperately, is an eloquent defense of democracy, a formulation, in flaming phrases, of the democratic faith that is inarticulately ours. Once again, a newcomer in our midst makes us realize the sacredness of our heritage. Max Ascoli, foe alike of fascism and communism, in *The Power of Freedom* (Farrar, Straus, \$2.75) links freedom and the right to work as the dynamics of democracy. The right to work, however, must win for our workers the enjoyment and utilization of leisure, else our workers will be no better off than those under communism or fascism. We need more interpretations of democracy like the one we find in Dr. Ascoli's stimulating volume.

Our appreciation of the freedom we enjoy should mount as we read Robert Magidoff's *In Anger and Pity* (Doubleday. \$2.95). This correspondent learned what a police state means during the twelve years he spent in Moscow before his expulsion last fall on trumped-up charges of espionage. Recent Soviet reactions to the Atlantic Pact confirm Magidoff's belief that fear, skilfully fed by the party propagandists, is the chief motivating influence in the Soviet Union. Witness the May Day charge of the new minister of the armed forces, Marshal Alexander Vasilevsky, that American "reactionaries are trying to unleash a new world war." No less enlightening is Magidoff's description of the plight of Russian artists and scientists in the strait-jacket of party-line thought control.

Further revelations of life in Russia and a refreshing comparison of it with our own free way of living may be found in *Land of Milk and Honey* (Harcourt, Brace. \$3) in which W. L. White tells how Vasili Kotov, Soviet Air Force officer, found the Land of Promise in America. The youngster who now uses the name of Kotov enjoyed the best engineering training the Soviet system could offer. The latest examination of the Soviet educational system is Maurice J. Shore's *Soviet Education: Its Psychology and Philosophy* (Philosophical Library. \$4.75). Though somewhat on the technical side, it offers fundamental information on the gigantic efforts of the rulers of Russia to train up a whole generation in the image and likeness of Stalin.

Those who are curious about Stalin's relations with the Politburo may find some interesting tidbits in Walter Duranty's *Stalin and Co.* (Sloane. \$3) but they will also be subjected to one of Duranty's deftly devised apologies for the Soviet Union.

Press reports on this year's May Day parade through Moscow's Red Square noted that Nikolai A. Voznesensky was not among those members of the Politburo who "took the salute" with Premier Stalin. The recently deposed chairman of the Soviet Planning Commission had optimistically predicted in his *The Economy of the Soviet Union during World War II* (Public Affairs Press. \$3) that the capitalist economy of the U.S. was headed for a quick collapse. It is now being surmised that his analysis has been decreed unsound. However that may be, Voznesensky's volume is valuable for its revelation of the Politburo's conviction that no compromise with capitalism is possible, that war is inevitable unless the U.S. can otherwise be brought to its knees. Even if Voznesensky himself is discredited for ideological deviations, as Varga and so many other Soviet economists have been, his major

thesis remains the Soviet gospel. It is high time we adjusted our thinking and planning to it.

Any temptations toward appeasement which we might still entertain should be dissipated by three books about the Iron Curtain countries, Poland, Rumania and Hungary. In *The Rape of Poland* (Whittlesey House. \$4) Stanislaw Mikolajczyk recounts how the Communists took over Poland by the now familiar freeze-out of non-communist elements in the so-called coalition government. After reading this record of stolen elections, police terrorism and political assassinations, one marvels at the effrontery of the current Polish UN delegate Drohojowski as he sanctimoniously denounces the Spanish dictator, Franco.

The same pattern, embroidered with even worse brutality, is outlined by Ferenc Nagy, exiled former Hungarian Premier, in *The Struggle behind the Iron Curtain* (Macmillan. \$6). His revelations of communist police methods in securing the "confession" of Béla Kovacs, leader of the Smallholders Party, provide excellent background for an understanding of the case of Cardinal Mindszenty.



The most detailed and damning exposure of Soviet aggression by infiltration is *Rumania under the Soviet Yoke* (Meador, Boston. \$4), by that fearless correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, Reuben H. Markham. The extent to which the Groza government has violated its promises under the peace treaty to grant civil and religious freedom is made glaringly apparent. Quite as clear is the way Russia has drained off the economic resources of the country. Most portentous is the author's warning that "to perfect their global apparatus for universal power seizure, communist governments in all eastern Europe are hastening the extermination of the remaining independent peasants . . . and launching a drive that will make 1949 the most terrible year in modern history for eastern European tillers of the soil." Markham's book would have been a best seller if his publishers had not played

him false. The Communists themselves could hardly have done more to ensure that few would read his revelations. The use of cheap, heavy paper makes the 600-page volume an unwieldy two inches thick. Its hideous dust-cover would frighten off most prospective buyers. There should be some way of re-making the whole book so that it may reach the wide public it deserves. Despite its ugly format, those in the State Department concerned with eastern Europe should read it carefully. Perhaps they would then avoid in the future the mistakes Mr. Markham shows they made in such profusion in the past.

Soviet expansion in eastern Europe has had the effect of concentrating our attention in that direction. The developing drive of communist forces elsewhere means that we must look all ways at once. An excellent introduction to the study of the less known lands now figuring in the news is *Most of the World* (Columbia University. \$5.50). Ralph Linton is the editor of twelve essays by fourteen social scientists surveying the economic, political and social aspects of "most of the world"—Latin America, Africa, the Near East, Asia and the East Indies.

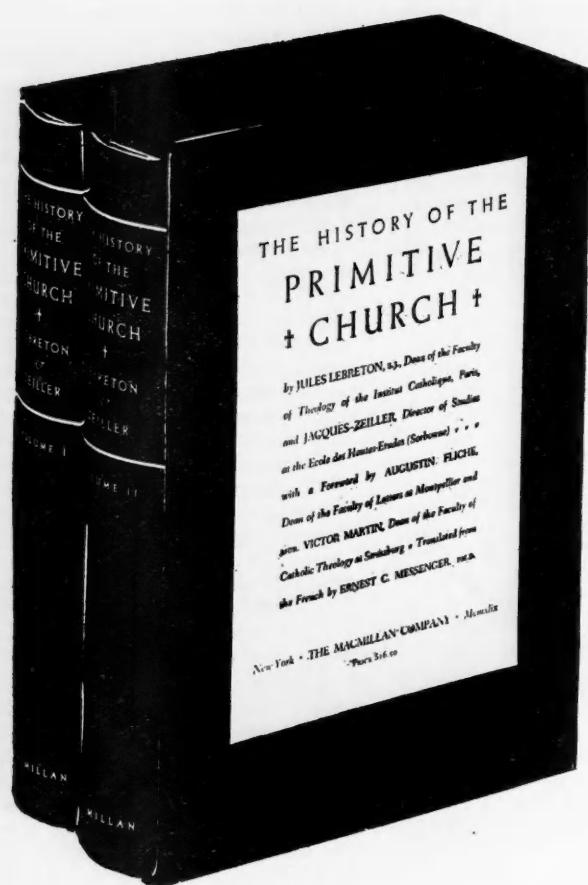
Especially helpful is the treatment of the colonial areas which are now in such ferment. Non-imperialist ourselves, we Americans have too long ignored the whole colonial question. Now that the Communists everywhere are exploiting native unrest, we must try to understand the legitimate aspirations of peoples like the Indonesians and Koreans. This study of population trends, economic resources, industrial possibilities and employment practices provides a sure base for such understanding.

A specific study along the lines indicated above is a slender volume by Cora Du Bois, *Social Forces in Southeast Asia* (University of Minnesota. \$2). It comprises three lectures delivered at Smith College two years ago. The validity of the author's conclusions is being borne out by current developments, especially in Indonesia, Siam and India. One of our contributors, Charles Wolf, Jr., an authority on the areas involved, says that "there are few books of comparable size on this subject which are at once so reliable, informative and readable."

Another contributor to AMERICA, General Claire Lee Chennault, has written a book of memoirs, *Way of a Fighter* (Putnam. \$4.50) which, besides being a fascinating account of heroic exploits in the air, is a grim reminder of our less than heroic handling of the Chinese question. In the light of recent developments in China, Chennault's foreword should be read as a model of prophecy.

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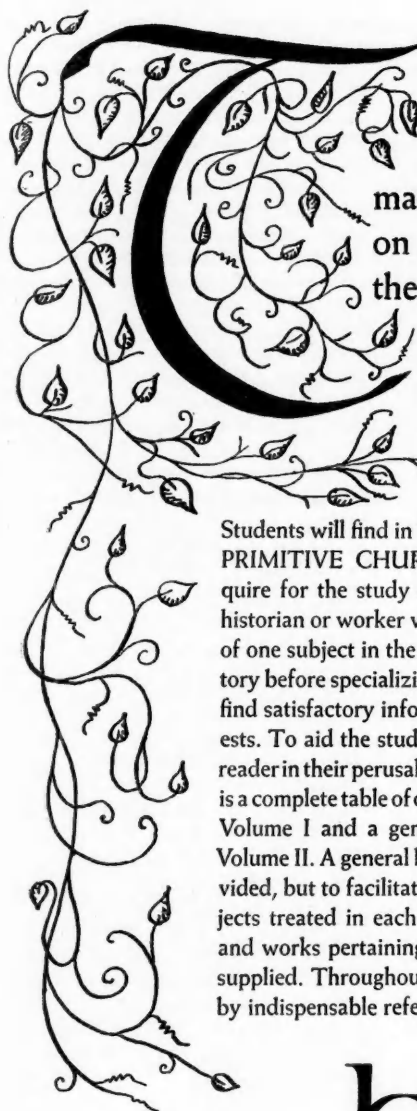
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tory footnotes. Where necessary original sources are indicated, but for the most part the reader will be referred to the most recent scientific works in which he will find these sources indicated. In order to present a complete picture of the history of the Church, the internal activity of the Church which has enabled it to spread its influence throughout the centuries is presented as well as the external activity, its relations with States, governments and organized societies. The bond which exists at all times between the dogmatic conception and canonical rules on the one hand, and the social, political and economic structure on the other, must be grasped to discover the true significance of the Church through the ages.

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wide readership, however, is the treatment it received from writers who have cause to rejoice in the present triumph of the Chinese Communists. It will forever be a mystery to me why the New York Times commissioned none other than Annalee Jacoby to do its review. In his recent article in AMERICA, (3/19) *Red Cloud over China*, Gen. Chennault listed her among the "pinko reporters" who sold the American people on the essential innocence of the Chinese Communists. If Chennault's warning had been heeded, even as late as January, the Red tide might have been stopped at the Yangtze. Since his moral courage seems to be no whit inferior to his physical courage, Gen. Chennault, now in this country, did not pull any punches in his recent testimony before Congress. South China must be saved, he said, whatever the cost may be.

The job Annalee Jacoby does on General Chennault is reminiscent of the piece of hatchet-work done on General MacArthur by Mark Julius Gayn, author of *Japan Diary* (Sloane. \$4). Shortly after being cleared of charges of espionage in 1945, Gayn went to Japan and Korea for the Chicago Sun. There he became the American mouth-piece for assorted Russian, Korean and Japanese Communists, who, according to Gayn, had "the most brilliant minds" and were "heroes" of jails, strikes, riots and battles. It is to the credit of MacArthur that, although he knew Gayn consorted only with Communists, he gave him every privilege of transportation and coverage.

Journalistic junkets such as Gayn's uniformly fail to produce worthwhile reports. Robert St. John's *Shalom Means Peace* (Doubleday. \$2.95) is another case in point. His book of sketches is a ripple on the wave of propaganda sweeping out from Palestine, designed to glamorize the settlers in the new Jewish state. It suffers badly by comparison with *In Search of a Future* (Doubleday. \$3), by Maurice Hindus. This sober appraisal of the undeniable achievements of the Israeli offers valuable advice to the surrounding Arab states. They must emulate the pioneer efforts of their late antagonists to prevent further deterioration of their living standards. The importance of Persia emerges clearly from this absorbing study, as do the reasons for the impotence of the numerically superior Arabs and Egyptians against the Israeli forces.

If the Third World War should come, which God forbid, it will be nothing like the primitive skirmishes among the sandy hills of Palestine. It will be an atomic war whose cataclysmic proportions our imaginations simply cannot encompass. Speculation about how it would be fought continues. Most recent

and possibly the best book on the overall question of atomic warfare is R. E. Lapp's *Must We Hide?* (Addison-Wesley Press. \$3). The deceptive title is taken from the last words of his conclusion: "The nations of the world, surveying the uncharted waters ahead, look to this democracy for inspiration and hope. We have confidence that our democratic society will not falter; it will survive. The real issues are not cloaked in secrecy but are squarely before us. We have a responsibility from which we must not hide." Riddle me the reason for the choice of that title. The book itself is a chillingly objective study of every phase of atomic warfare: the lessons of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the Bikini and Eniwetok tests, the effects of radiation on human beings, the possible effect of atomic bombing on American cities, the problem of delivering the bomb to its target, and the possibilities of defense, including the dispersion of cities.

Though he does not mention P.M.S. Blackett by name, Dr. Lapp's book provides effective refutation of parts of the latter's *Fear, War and the Bomb* (Whittlesey House. \$3.50). As I recently observed in these pages, the British Nobel Prize Winner so persuasively interpreted the Russians' reasons for objecting to the majority plan for international control of atomic energy that the Soviets themselves have been quoting him at length in the UN Atomic Energy debates.

If you want to know why new and radical steps must be taken to break that stalemate and reach a settlement, read Dr. David Bradley's *No Place to Hide* (Little, Brown. \$2). This specialized report on the radiological after-effects of the Bikini tests is as blood-curdling as the radiation is blood-poisoning. It's not the blast that matters so much, it's the burns. Medical men are still uncertain about the full effects of atomic radiation, but they already know that generations yet unborn would be strangely and horribly affected. These three books emphasize the necessity of a thorough investigation of what our UN representatives have been doing during the two fruitless years of debate over international control. It will not be long before Russia has her own atomic bombs in quantity.

There is no sure-fire defense against atomic bombing. All the scientists and most of the military men agree to that. The only defense against the bomb is a political one. Man must summon up enough political sagacity to prevent atomic war from breaking out. The draft on your neck from the cold war is melancholy proof that he is not making much progress in his quest. But the quest goes on, in conferences, conventions, congresses, where dozens

of plans for the prevention of war are being discussed with a growing sense of urgency.

If you are interested, and who should not be, in the prospects for peace, you will find valuable information in the handbook prepared for the United Nations Association of Great Britain by Andrew and Frances Boyd and recently published in this country, *Western Union* (Public Affairs Press. \$3) This study of the trend toward European unity, without which lasting peace is impossible, gives a survey of peace plans of the past and then a careful analysis of the Brussels Pact, and the recently formed Council of Europe, together with their relations to the U.N. Most valuable is the detailed description of the various movements for European and eventually world federation which have grown so rapidly of late. Too little is known in this country about these groups; the Public Affairs Press deserves credit for making this excellent account available.

That hardly perennial, Clarence Streit's *Union Now*, is on the market again (Harper. \$3). First published in 1939, the book has been reissued with a 73 page "Post War Conclusion." Mr. Streit advocates that a Union of the Free be set up by The United Kingdom, Ireland, Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, France, Belgium, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Iceland and the Philippines. He holds out no hope for world federation, and seems reconciled to a power solution which would irretrievably split the world in two and drive the teeming millions of the non-white races into the arms of the Soviets. At a time when they are crying for equality, such exclusiveness would seem to be a needless and dangerous affront. In view of South Africa's recent record of vicious discrimination it is hard to see why he includes that state and excludes Italy, on the grounds that it is not ripe for democracy.

The case for what Streit calls "universalist" federation is eloquently and convincingly put by Vernon Nash in his *The World Must Be Governed* (Harper. \$2.50). The vice president of United World Federalists has produced out of his experiences before fifteen hundred audiences in the United States a handbook of answers to every conceivable question about the case for world federation. There is nothing vague or visionary about his treatment, which has all the force and fire for which Vernon Nash is famous in federalist circles. If you want to know why thousands of Americans are becoming convinced every month that only world federation, with Russia if possible, without her if necessary, can assure a durable peace, read *The World Must Be Governed*.

EDWARD A. CONWAY

Men and women who made history

The recent filibuster in the Senate and other agitation over the President's civil-rights program cause the season's most outstanding biography to seem curiously up-to-date. *John C. Calhoun: Nullifier, 1829-1839*, by Charles M. Wiltse (Bobbs, Merrill, \$6), is the second of a projected three-volume work on that great Southern statesman.

Maintaining the same high level of scholarship, style and interest which distinguished the first volume, the author chronicles the great controversies and party shifts of the Jackson Era. It was during this crucial decade that Calhoun's political philosophy shifted from liberalism through conservatism to downright reaction; and the political, economic and social developments which caused this change are lucidly explained by the author.

Though known today chiefly as the great Apostle of Nullification, a term which most readers vaguely associate with secession, Calhoun did not, as Dr. Wiltse shows, originate the doctrine. It is to be found in the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798. All Calhoun did was to rationalize the theory to use as a weapon in defending the rights of a minority against the power of the majority.

By 1829 Calhoun was convinced that the growing centralization of government and spirit of nationalism meant the economic ruin of the South, and set himself resolutely to stem the movement. His efforts in this direction show the tragedy of a great mind obsessed with the need of defending immediate local interests, battling vainly against the inevitable change and development which marks the course of human progress.

The story of a too long forgotten contemporary and opponent of Calhoun is well told by Martha McBride Morrell in *Young Hickory: The Life and Times of James K. Polk* (Dutton, \$4.50). To most of the present generation James K. Polk is just a name in the list of American Presidents. About the only thing known about him is the mistaken tradition that he was the first "dark horse" to be nominated to that exalted position. By 1844, far from being a political nonentity, Polk was nationally known as a politician and statesman who could hold his own with Clay, Webster, Calhoun and the other giants of that day.

A friend and protégé of Andrew Jackson, his rise to political prominence was rapid and spectacular. He was a member of the Tennessee Legislature at twenty-six, in Congress at thirty, (where he served for fourteen years, four of them as Speaker of the House). He then was Governor of Tennessee, and it was taken for granted

that he would be the Democratic candidate for Vice President in 1844.

This is hardly the record of a political unknown. Moreover, his nomination for the Presidency had been previously agreed upon by Jackson and his lieutenants if they could not force the Convention to accept Van Buren. Polk's ability, energy and courageous facing of controversial issues made him a force to be reckoned with, his vigorous championship of all Jackson's policies aroused the vituperative hatred of the Whigs and even the dislike of many in his own party. As President, his lofty concept of the dignity of that office made him over-insistent upon his powers and prerogatives, which, together with his disdain for many of the normal political practices of party government, did nothing to help his personal popularity and greatly increased the internal quarrels and schisms then plaguing the Democratic Party. So the hostile estimates of Whig opponents were allowed to pass unchallenged into history by those who should have been his friends and supporters.

While the present volume is far from being a definitive "Life and Times of James K. Polk," it is a good popular account of a forgotten patriot.



How the Supreme Court became such a powerful instrument in shaping our political development, and how it functions today are interestingly explained in the stories of two very dissimilar members of that august tribunal. *Chief Justice John Marshall and the Growth of the Republic*, by David Loth (Norton, \$5), and *Mr. Justice Black; the Man and His Opinions*, by John P. Frank (Knopf, \$4) are the two books treating the two men. Mr. Loth writes a lively and interesting story covering the more than eighty years of his hero's life. He briefly but adequately shows how, by force of character and determination, he raised the Supreme Court from an insignificant institution to a truly coordinate branch of the Government, whose authority neither Congress nor the President could ignore.

A rabid Federalist, Marshall began his judicial career just as his party was passing from the scene of national politics, and during the next thirty years lost no opportunity to imbue his ultra-

conservative Federalist beliefs into the law of the land. His ardent defense of wealth and property rights, which left such a deep imprint on the development of our country's economic and political life, was in sharp contrast to his kindness and genuinely democratic attitude in his personal relationships.

The author does not claim to have added anything new to Albert J. Beveridge's classic biography, but he has supplied for the hurried reader, awed by those monumental volumes, a fascinating and instructive tale of a great man and the institution he built.

The most controversial figure on the Supreme Bench at present is Hugo Black, whose story is here told by his one time law clerk and fervid admirer, John P. Frank. The importance of the book lies not in the biographical account of the Justice, which follows a familiar American tradition of progress from the obscurity of a backwoods farm to political eminence, but in the selection of thirty-four opinions written by him during the past few years. Edited in language the average reader can easily understand, these opinions offer an excellent study of Justice Black's legal philosophy and of the significance of his contributions to our fundamental law.

Collectors of Lincolniana have not found much to add to their shelves during the past season, nor is that little very important. We have *Lincoln and the Preachers*, by Edgar DeWitt Jones (Harper, \$2.50), and *Lincoln's Secretary: a Biography of John G. Nicolay*, by Helen Nicolay (Longmans, Green, \$5). Dr. Jones' work is a rambling discussion of Lincoln's religious views and the influence which various preachers exerted upon him. The book consists chiefly of brief, encyclopedia-style sketches of most of the prominent ministers of the mid-nineteenth century. Besides such clerical friends as Dr. Gurley, James Smith and Bishop Simpson, almost every clergyman Lincoln ever met, who lived in the same town with him or preached about him, is also brought into the story. How most of these men could have influenced Lincoln's religious views or any of his other activities is difficult to see. As far as Lincoln's own religious views and practices are concerned, nothing is added to what can be found in any standard biography of the President.

The story of Lincoln's private secretary is a chatty, rather sedate account of the man who knew most about Lincoln's activities, plans and thoughts during the critical years of the Civil War, and was co-author with John Hay of the monumental ten-volume *Abraham Lincoln: a History*. The chapters dealing with Nicolay's years in the White House are interesting and important because of the numerous quo-

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We don't know how else to account for the Spring we have had—the best in our whole lives—more of all kinds of books selling than in any other Spring, even poetry, which any publisher undertakes in the face of tremendous odds—much as we liked **Sister Maris Stella's** poems, **FROST FOR ST. BRIGID** (\$1.75), ourselves, we were positively shocked to find almost the whole of the first edition sold three weeks after it was published—If we can't understand it, we love it, and are properly grateful. Of the books responsible, **Msgr. Knox's THE MASS IN SLOW MOTION** (\$2.50) takes first place, not a Spring book, but top of the sales list ever since it appeared last Fall. The burning question at the moment is will the same author's **TRIALS OF A TRANSLATOR** (\$2) behave like that? The two books show you very different sides of Msgr. Knox: we ourselves wouldn't have missed them for the world. Meantime, the **Knox translations of Holy Scripture** go on selling, as *Newsweek* kindly remarked, "by the tens of thousands." There is a double postcard about all of them to be had for the asking, also a descriptive leaflet on

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which we shall publish in September. Not only is *all* the Scripture in this in the Knox translation, but the rest has also been retranslated into English more suited to the grandeur of the Latin than any we have seen before. We have a **Gift Certificate** especially for this Missal, in case anyone wants to give one as a Graduation present. There will be a \$10 edition in black leather with red edges, and a \$15 one in black morocco with gold edges. You send the money to us, we send out the certificate (with no price on it) and a note that the Missal will follow on publication. It is printed in red and black throughout, there is nothing in it that isn't in the Priest's Missal on the altar—no bits about saints, etc. Hence it is very much less bulky than the usual Daily Missal. The leaflet will tell you more.

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tations from his letters, most of them never before published. Since nearly all of these contain references to the President, the volume will be welcomed by collectors of Lincolniana as throwing new light upon the character of their hero.

The author's account of her father's role in producing the controversial biography of Lincoln adds nothing new to the discussion. There is no critical appraisal of the book itself, and she indignantly denies any undue interference or suppression of evidence on the part of Robert Lincoln and asserts that Nicolay's admitted admiration for his hero in no way affected his determination to give a complete and objective presentation of his life.

Two very significant though by no means profound or scholarly books dealing with our recent past bring home to us with a shock what a different world we live in than that of twenty years ago. *Beau James: the Life and Times of Jimmy Walker*, by Gene Fowler (Viking, \$4), and *Dry Messiah: the Life of Bishop Cannon*, by Virginus Dabney (Knopf, \$4), are not merely the stories of two individuals but of characters who personified two of the general moods and movements of their day. In his lively news-reporter's style, Mr. Fowler depicts Walker's obscure early years, his rise and decline in politics and the anticlimactic closing years of his life. Most of the book is devoted to anecdotes illustrating the brilliance, charm and wit of the irrepressible and irresponsible Beau Brummel in politics, with little mention of the serious and complex problems of the greatest municipal government in the world. The inevitable collapse of his political career was not the tragedy of Jimmy Walker but of the millions of whose mood he was but a symbol.

Mr. Dabney is well known as a crusading journalist, and it is with a crusader's zeal that he blasts the Prohibition movement in the person of its most notorious champion, the Methodist Bishop, James J. Cannon. The detailed account of the bishop's activities, even those of his obscure early years, shows a great deal of painstaking research on the part of the author. The resulting picture is not a pleasant one, even after making allowances for Mr. Dabney's efforts to paint it as black as possible, for he is careful to cite reliable authority for his charges that Cannon was fiercely bigoted, immoral, untruthful, cowardly, dishonest and above all a hypocrite—a breed of unscrupulous demagog which unfortunately is not yet extinct. But Mr. Dabney weakens his case by trying to discredit all Prohibitionists by painting their chosen leader in his true colors.

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We keep a copy of *The New Yorker's* review of this on hand to show any Jesuit who comes in: none of them, so far, has been able to hear Hopkins referred to as "one of the Society of Jesus' most celebrated Old Boys" without having to lean on something while they laughed. Seriously, this is a source book for students of Hopkins or of modern poetry.

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SHEED & WARD
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Palestine during the past months have made Zionism a hotly controversial subject, so the story of one of its leading figures cannot but prove timely and instructive. *Trial and Error: the Autobiography of Chaim Weizmann* (Harper, \$5) is the story of Israel's first President as told by himself. In a simple, unselfconscious manner he relates the events of the years in Russia, Germany, Switzerland and England which marked his steady rise to the position of a world renowned scientist and outstanding leader of Zionism. What makes the book important is that it gives an excellent account of the rise of world Zionism, an account such as could have come only from one who had first-hand knowledge of the movement.

The Catholic reader should find interesting and inspiring the story of two humble, obscure missionaries who labored among the Indians of the Southwest during the latter part of the nineteenth century. Their stories are

told in *At the End of the Santa Fe Trail*, by Sister Blandina Segale (Bruce, \$3), and *Father Jaillet: Saddlebag Priest of the Nueces*, by Sister Mary Xavier. Also there is Dorothy Fremont Grant's provocative sketch, *John England: American Christopher* (Bruce, \$2.75), which was not written to tell the full story of the first Bishop of Charleston but to recall his tireless and effective labors as a controversialist and journalist in spreading a knowledge of the Catholic Church and combating the ignorance and prejudice which clouded the minds of so many Protestants, making them easy victims of anti-Catholic demagogues.

The author's purpose in thus concentrating on this one aspect of the great bishop's varied career is to remind us that much of the same ignorance and prejudice still exist in our country today, and to set before our modern Apostles of Catholic Action an inspiring model for their encouragement and imitation.

F. J. GALLAGHER

Fiction since the turn of the year

So much fun has of late been poked at the lurid-covered historical novel that it seems to have fallen somewhat into disfavor. At least, looking back over the last half-year, I seem to discern fewer of them cluttering up the shelves. There are some, of course, but the noteworthy thing about recent novels has been the fair percentage of "idea" books among them. These are books that do more than tell a story—they also uphold a thesis and generally in moral terms. If this revolts the taste of supporters of literature for entertainment only, so be it. But we cannot fly in the face of reality, and the matter of fact is that from its very beginning the novel has frequently been a pulpit. Fortunately, from that pulpit some sound things are being said.

First in clarity of message, if not in excellence, come two books by the late Charles Williams, the British author of, among many other things, what may be called theological thrillers. His two books now published here by Pellegrini & Cudahy are *All Hallows' Eve* and *Descent into Hell* (\$2.75 each). The first is a study of an anti-Christ and his attempts to snare the soul of a naturally good young woman. There are eeriness here and slitherings over the borderline between life and death and the triumph of sane human love over diabolical intrigues. The second book deals with a man's progressive yielding to evil, while a young woman, who has been haunted by visions of herself, is freed by a friend's vicarious shouldering of her trouble. These books will win a small but enthusiastic audience, I think. The sym-

bolism is tenuous at times, but there is a spiritual core to them that is admirable.

Another keen study of the human heart is Richard Sullivan's *First Citizen* (Holt, \$3). The edifice of an opportunist's worldly success is toppled by his suppressed wife's insanely self-inflicted sacrifice, which is also the means of their daughter's escaping her mother's servitude. The idea here is the need of suffering to set lives straight.

Born 1925, by Vera Brittain (Macmillan, \$2.50) treats the twofold idea of pacifism and of the gap that separates the thinking of two generations. A father who had been a hero in World War I becomes an Anglican minister, largely in reparation, and when he will not actively aid his country in the second war, his son becomes estranged. Gradually, however, the young man comes to realize the high moral courage of his father. A bit heavy, but good.

A slighter idea, or at least an idea whose treatment is slighter, is Evelyn Waugh's *Scott-King's Modern Europe* (Little, Brown, \$2). A dim little British school-teacher is invited to attend an academic celebration in a totalitarian country. There he gets caught up in all the stupid and vicious threats to human liberty which abound in such regimes. On the surface a slight little tale, this is really a savage satire on tyranny.

One of the best jobs of the season is John Marquand's *Point of No Return* (Little, Brown, \$3.50). It is a study of the motivation that makes a modern young executive tick. Charles Gray is

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fighting a catty, oh-so-polite battle with another young man for vice-presidency of a bank. A business trip to his home town provides the flash-back to let us see what formed Gray in his earlier years. This is a keen and sympathetic appraisal of lives that are held to the treadmill of getting ahead materially, and it can be a wearisome business.

Joseph O'Connor's *The Norwayman* (Macmillan. \$3.50) shifts back to the novel in which the tale is the important thing. It is a simple and warm story of a young married couple and how their solitude on the island is broken into, first by the shipwrecked Norse sailor and then by many others. But from all the intrusions they come to realize that real living is not accomplished in isolation, but in doing for others. This is in the tradition of fine Irish story-telling.

Elephant and Castle, by R. C. Hutchinson (Rinehart. \$3.75) is a long study in low-level English psychology and sociology, which tells of a young girl who marries a thug and tries to reform him. Her lack of success springs from her failing to realize that love is selfless. An ambitious book, beautifully written, but with a consistently gloomy theme.

The war books we still have with us. The best of the year was *From the City, from the Plough*, by Alexander Baron (Washburn. \$2.75). It is simply the story of what happened to the Fifth Battalion of the Wessex Regiment, but it is written with compassion and above all with an enduring conviction of man's indomitable dignity, which makes it tower above so many war tales in which there is no dignity whatever.

If you want a contrast, you have but to compare two recent American war novels, *An Act of Love*, by Ira Wolfert (Simon & Schuster. \$3.95) and *The Girl on the Via Flaminia*, by Alfred Hayes (Harper. \$2.50). Neither is particularly bad, as far as that goes, but the first is bogged down in Freud and the second gives us a melodrama motivated by boredom rather than any insight into human action.

Perhaps the most panoramic of all the war stories is *Stalingrad*, by Theodor Plievier (Appleton-Century-Crofts. \$3). It is stark, tragic and brutal and leaves the reader numb—but it is the war.

Historical novels are still a large part of publishers' output. It is good to report, however, that the general level has risen of late. Best of all, and a truly epic job, is Hope Muntz' *The Golden Warrior* (Scribner. \$3), which deals with the conflict between Harold, the last great Anglo-Saxon king, and William the Conqueror. The story reads like a contemporary document, and is heroic—and human.

Louis De Wohl's *Throne of the World* (Lippincott. \$3) takes us back to far times and old battles, too, as it tells of the invasion of the Roman Empire by Attila the Hun. Pope Leo bulks large in a story of intrigue and adventure.

A good fictionalized life of St. Patrick is William G. Schofield's *The Deer Cry* (Longmans, Green. \$3). He writes with marked fidelity to the known historical facts, and yet makes the story absorbing and heartwarming.

More in the line of the traditional historical novel are *The Burnished Blade*, by Lawrence Schoonover (Macmillan. \$3), a story laid in fifteenth-century France and Greece, which tells of an orphaned apprentice armorer who wins his fortune in the East and returns to marry a nobleman's daughter; and *High Towers*, by Thomas B. Costain (Doubleday. \$3), the story of the fabulous Le Moyne family and their adventures in the New World when English and French were vying for control. Both of these books are remarkable for not stooping to sensationalism.

An unusual story is *Peace My Daughters*, by Shirley Barker (Crown. \$3), which studies the human side of the sixteenth-century American Puritan. The Devil incarnate is foiled in his instigations of the witchcraft trials through the goodness of the people of Salem.

Masterly in its descriptions of the sea, and warm in its family portraits, *The Fire Balloon*, by Ruth Moore (Morrow. \$3) paints sturdy Maine individuals of personal integrity and with a sense of humor and a spirit of optimism.

Other good historical novels are *The Tudor Wench*, by Elswyth Thane (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$2.75), a sympathetic but judicious portrayal of Queen Elizabeth, and *Bride of Fortune*, by Harnett T. Kane (Doubleday. \$2.75), the story of the wife of Jefferson Davis. It is not primarily another Civil War story, but the life of the women who had to live through it and of her sufferings as she saw its effects on her family.

To complete this section on historical fiction, mention must be made of one of the very best. It's *The Great Betrayal*, by Dorothy Gardiner (Doubleday. \$3). It tells of the massacre of an Indian tribe by U.S. Cavalry back in 1864. It is a fine study of our treatment of the Indians and is penetrated by a noble realization of human dignity.

There follows now a batch of novels which provide good reading, though they are not particularly "idea" stories nor do they re-create the past in his torical terms. *Time Will Darken It*, by William Maxwell (Harper. \$3), is a subtle story of family relationships between a good but short-tempered wife



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and an equally good and well-meaning but too soft-hearted husband. *The Slender Reed*, by H. H. Lynde (Crown. \$3), shows real insight into the heart of a woman with a handsome husband, a lovely daughter, wealth and prestige, but who still leads an utterly loveless existence. How she does eventually find strength and recompense develops in a naturally satisfying way.

Two novels deal with Chinese characters. *Chinatown Family*, by Lin Yutang (Day. \$3), studies Chinese family life in the U.S., shows the young people reaching out for Western advantages, the older ones trying to maintain their traditional values. *The Quest for Love of Lao Lee*, by Lau Shaw (Reynal & Hitchcock. \$3), carries Lao Lee from his farm into a government job in the city. Shocked by the graft, disappointed by a beautiful lady he thought was his ideal, he comes to realize the worth of his peasant wife.

Another Sun, Another Home, by Rupert Croft-Cooke (Holt. \$3), is something of a scathing attack on Britain's Labor Party Government. A British colonel returns home after twenty-five years in India. He does not feel at home either in his native land or with his shallow son, and goes back to India, to a village where his love and guidance are needed.

Victimized by the shadows of an old scandal, a young man in Cornwall succeeds in shutting out the bitterness that threatens to engulf him and begins to build anew on faith. This is the story of *Wilding Graft*, by Jack R. Clemon (Macmillan. \$3). The grim landscape is a fit setting for the spiritual struggle.

In *Without Magnolias* (Doubleday. \$3), Bucklin Moon gives us a different kind of Negro story. His characters are ordinary good citizens, and not, as too often happens in these stories, rag-tail members of society. There is some violence in the tale, however, which rather degrades the very people he is at pains to show in an ennobling light.

Seraph on the Suwanee, by Zora Neale Hurston (Scribner. \$3), is a rather remarkable study of a worrisome wife and her strong and considerate husband. Despite her increasing good fortune, she cannot accept life gratefully, and she is convinced that nobody wants her. How she finds emotional balance is rather contrived, but the initial characterization is excellent.

Mounting tension marks *For Us the Living*, by Haakon Chevalier (Knopf. \$3.50). Over a period of ten years, three people are brought to trial for the same murder. Behind the trial is a truly authentic background of the socio-economic conditions of California during the 'thirties, but the book is not a social tract—it is a gripping tale of suspense.

Two slighter books are of interest. In *I Capture the Castle* (Little, Brown.

\$3), Dodie Smith writes, through the diary of a seventeen-year-old English girl, of a delightfully wacky family. It is a sort of British *You Can't Take It with You*. And in *Hound-Dog Man* (Harper, \$2.50), Fred Gipson gives us the dreams and longings of a twelve-year-old boy who worships a hunting man and his hound dog. The sights and smells of the lonely country are here, and a great deal of human simplicity and love.

Two late-comers may be mentioned. *The Chain*, by Paul I. Wellman (Doubleday, \$3), is the story of an Episcopalian minister's difficulties with some of the lay leaders of his parish. This is intended to be a novel of strong

faith, but it is not too convincing, and the smug socialites who try to run the parish are on the lusty side. *Prairie Avenue*, by Arthur Meeker (Knopf, \$3), is a satire on the *nouveaux riches* of Chicago between 1885 and 1918, as seen through the eyes of a boy who goes to live with his rich uncle. It's one of those panoramic family books with a good salting of social commentary.

There have been the usual highly advertised mediocrities. For top three, not necessarily in order of demerit, I nominate *The God-Seeker*, by Sinclair Lewis; *The Big Fisherman*, by Lloyd Douglas; *Lucifer with a Book*, by John Horne Burns. HAROLD C. GARDINER

Books to foster the growth of the spirit

The ancient Cistercian sign-manual, which substitutes for conversation in the little dukedoms of silence that are Trappist monasteries, has been enriched by a new sign. At Gethsemani Abbey in Kentucky, where Thomas Merton wrote *The Seven Storey Mountain* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3), the brethren sometimes hold their clasped hands above their heads to signify *Good work! Congratulations!* Conceivably they are making this sign to Frater Merton this spring as sales of his autobiography approach the 200,000 mark, and his latest work, *Seeds of Contemplation* (New Directions, \$3), becomes the publisher's fastest-selling book. These jottings from the diary of the poet-contemplative, written in the "new freedom" of his cloister, block out for modern man the shape of the spiritual life and show how detachment, humility and solitude are its foundations.

Among the spate of worriers' handbooks, essays in psychological self-help and hints on "what to do till the psychiatrist comes," Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen's *Peace of Soul* (Whittlesey, \$3) points out the Christian way of peace through moral responsibility and trust in God. Though it details an adjustment to the world that is older than the Gospels, the book considers man enmeshed in the modern theories of the soul, for man must be dealt with as he is, not as we would like to find him. "If the modern soul wants to begin its quest for peace with its psychology instead of our own metaphysics, we will begin with psychology." Monsignor Sheen's gifts for epigram and synthesis, his insight into human glory and weakness, and his warm, compassionate utterance make this an important book which no literate Catholic should allow to go unread.

"I will write an elevator-boy's life of Jesus and I will call it *The Greatest Story Ever Told*," Fulton Oursler, Catholic convert and *Reader's Digest*

Senior Editor, decided. His book (Doubleday, \$2.95), serialized in newspapers and dramatized on Goodyear's weekly radio program, has rocketed in sales. Actuality was the author's paramount aim. Village life in Palestine is pictured as colorfully as a Hollywood setting for a documentary film. The words of Our Lord are made to bear on modern problems: racial discrimination, poverty, graft and corruption in politics, war and its horrors.

Another best-seller that is impressing the publishers concerning the wide interest in books with religious themes is Father James Keller's *You Can Change the World* (Longmans, Green, \$3). Influencing the publishing trade and thus affecting public opinion is one of the objects of the Christopher Movement. Father Keller exhorts everyone with a belief in God to realize his responsibilities and the power of persistent, imaginative, individual effort. It is better to light one tiny candle than vainly to bemoan the darkness, leaving the positions of influence in the world of education, politics, public opinion and labor to those who deny or do not know that this is God's world.

A French priest, who died five years ago at the age of thirty-eight, had plans for changing his part of the world. Abbé Henri Godin, in his famous report on religious conditions in France, felt it essential to recognize the de-Christianization of his country as the starting point for the new apostolate which would work for a recovery of a sense of the Christian community. That celebrated report to Cardinal Suhard, Maisie Ward has translated in *France Pagan* (Sheed & Ward, \$3), adding an informal biography of the mission-minded priest and an evaluation, based on first-hand observation, of a movement he did so much to inspire. To American readers glimpses of priests working in factories in overalls, offering Mass in the evening in workers' homes

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will, perhaps, be rather startling.

Abbé G. Michonneau has translated Abbé Godin's pioneer ideas into practice in the working-class parish of Colombes, a suburb of Paris. Archbishop Cushing's Foreword to *Revolution in a City Parish* (Blackfriars: Oxford. 7/6) finds the message of Abbé Michonneau to be: "our parishes must become outposts of spiritual attack" in a campaign that includes all within the parish boundaries so that the Church will be lived, not merely joined. The methods—and more important—the mentality of the mission-minded clergy at the rectory of the Sacred Heart Church have much to suggest to Catholics in America.

The apostolate to intellectuals—and what Abbé Godin would probably call the bourgeoisie—will be assisted by the publication of the symposium of convert stories, edited by Reverend J. A. O'Brien, *Road to Damascus* (Doubleday. \$3). Evelyn Waugh, Fulton Oursler, Gretta Palmer, Frances Parkinson Keyes are found in a list that contains representatives of all walks of life, people who found their way to Rome by way of that strange and mysterious Damascus Road where the Holy Spirit waited to gather them into a holy fellowship.

Anything that can increase the popular love and knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures is immensely precious in these days, and new translations are a prime instrument to that end. Every translator, whether an individual or a commission, is torn between two alternatives: the presentation of the exact, literal meaning of the original text and the demands for literary rhythm and power. Even the best attempt is but a venture, but it is only through such ventures that the Scripture text can become familiar to modern Christians as it was to their ancestors. The new translation of *The Old Testament* by Msgr. Ronald Knox, from the Latin Vulgate, puts at our disposal in a new and clarified form the traditionally sanctioned Scripture version of the Catholic Church (Sheed & Ward. Vol. I. Genesis to Esther. \$7). Those whom the Douay version repelled will be attracted by Msgr. Knox' cultivated and properly modernized English style.

What part of Our Lord's life is most applicable to the present needs of mankind? *The Passion of the Infant Christ* (Sheed & Ward. \$1.75) is Caryll Houselander's answer to the question. Through ten chapters of meditations, a spirituality remarkably akin to that of St. Thérèse of Lisieux emphasizes: "If the Infant Christ is fostered in us, then through these sufferings which seem so small because we are so small, we are lifted up with the Crucified Christ." It is a spiritual teaching, sometimes feminine in literary flavor, but

remorseless in its expectation of sacrifice and service. No doubt the plight of the orphaned children of Europe, some of whom she has been teaching, suggested to Caryll Houselander the concentration on childhood. The little persecuted countries of Europe she views as "Bethlehems." Bethlehem, however, is a sort of type, an "inscape" of Calvary. And the answer to the Herods of our day is "the oneing of the soul with God, in the passion of the Infant Christ."

A formal—even formidable, for the popular taste—presentation of spiritual theology is the second volume of *Three Ages of the Interior Life* (Herder. \$7.50). The whole of Father Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange's treatment of the interior life is now available in English, thanks to the devoted labors of Sister M. Timothea Doyle, O.P. The present volume deals with the illuminative and unitive "ways" and the extraordinary graces of the mystical state. A leading Thomist theologian, Père Garrigou-Lagrange has a large audience and one that is deeply indebted to him, even that part of it which cannot be completely amenable to all the elements of his teaching, particularly his preference for invoking debatable opinions as fixed theological principles in controversial areas.



A journalist far distant from Père Garrigou-LaGrange in temperament and profundity, but sharing his love for Our Blessed Mother, traveled to Lourdes. He went to investigate the miracles and learn on the spot the truth about the famous shrine. What impressed Fulton Oursler most of all was the peace of mind and genuine happiness with which the uncured in body leave Lourdes. There are people at *The Happy Grotto* (McMullen. \$1.50), however, who report events medical science cannot explain. There is the bishop, the Most Reverend Pierre Marie Théas, a recent visitor in this country, the layman in charge of the *brancardiers*, the sick, the doctors of the medical bureau. Doctor Vallet confesses: "Logic forces us to admit that the cures of Lourdes are brought about by the direct intervention of

God." Here is detailed evidence for the open-minded and, for *lagnappe*, charming insights on the place of pilgrimage once again drawing American Catholics to Our Lady's most popular shrine.

In gathering into a book a series of thirteen sketches of English and Irish saints, which he had previously published in the *English Clergy Review*, Father James Brodrick, S.J., devotedly hoped that the covers would be the only things stiff about *Procession of Saints* (Longmans, Green. \$3). He need not have worried, as anyone would surmise who has read his *Bellarmino* and *Canisius*. His humor and humanity, the merry pedantry of his footnotes (which he calls "diversions and lucky bags") make the book lie lightly on the mind, though none of the grace-bearing influences of hagiography are lost. The last sketch is of Venerable Marie of the Incarnation, and in many ways it is the best in the book and most interesting for American readers.

Father C. C. Martindale's *Portuguese Pilgrimage* (Sheed & Ward. \$2.75) is a rambling book which many will find unsatisfying. The long circumstantial excursions into Portuguese history will not find wide reader-interest, and the chapters on Fatima and on Father Martindale's visit to Salazar are unsubstantial and sketchy. The prose has lost none of the conversational charm of Martindale's earlier books.

In *Vine and Branches* (Pio Decimo Press. \$4), Monsignor Martin B. Hellriegel presents the first of two volumes of meditations and homilies on the liturgy. This first volume follows the Proper of the Season for the entire year, and hence is a unity in itself. Based on the altar-stones of missal and breviary, these homilies reflect the Eucharistic-centered vitality of Holy Cross Parish in St. Louis, which has deservedly become one of the sacred places of the liturgical movement in America.

Addressed to quite a different audience is *You and Thousands Like You* (Longmans, Green. \$2.50), by Father Owen Francis Dudley. Though not as beguiling as the shilling-shocker apologetics of Fr. Dudley's successful *Masterful Monk* series, it offers to the modern churchless a persuasive, if not always closely reasoned, case for Catholic belief.

Two in One Flesh (Newman. \$7.50), a three-volume work on sex and marriage by E. C. Messenger, will be found invaluable for the pastoral theology shelf and as an aid in preparing sermon courses on marriage. The excellent sections on concrete achievement of Catholic ideals in married life are set in a context of historical and scriptural erudition that may be caviar to the general.

What Jesus Saw from the Cross, by A. D. Sertillanges, O.P. (Clonmore & Reynolds. 8/6), can be recommended without reserve as a superlative study of the Passion of Our Lord. The warm style of the Dominican savant brings the findings of scripture study, history and archeology as golden grist to the mills of prayer.

More consciously scholarly is *The History of the Primitive Church* (Macmillan. \$16.50, 2 vols.). This work, now happily available for American readers, inaugurates a series that will undoubtedly rank as one of the monuments to the scholarly genius of French Catholicism. Jules Lebreton, S.J., dean of the

faculty of theology at the Institut Catholique, and Jacques Zwiler, director of studies at the Sorbonne, have collaborated on the first two of twenty-four volumes in a series which will cover the history of the Church down to our own day. That every Catholic college and seminary will acquire these books goes without saying; and many private-venture readers among Catholics will applaud the Atlas-weight of erudition debonairly carried and the lively style of Dr. Ernest C. Messenger's fine translation.

Dogmatic theology is presented to a similar audience in *The Teaching of the Catholic Church* (Macmillan. \$12.50).

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Scientism, by pretending to offer a

complete explanation of all reality in terms merely of measurable phenomena, was a prolific culture-bed for the incubation of the bacilli of secularism. The distinguished French biologist, Lecomte Du Nouÿ, author of *Human Destiny*, deemed it his "duty to protest against the intellectual swindle that has tried to use science as an accomplice." In the *Road to Reason* (Longmans, Green, \$3.50), he proposed to explain to the non-scientific public the contradictions which he himself had found between the materialistic interpretation of the universe on the one hand and the most advanced data of modern physics and biology on the other. He reports that sheer materialism offers no intelligible statement of the transition between the statistical chaos of the subatomic world—as depicted by modern

quantum physics—and the first appearance of organic life. "The thing that above all has differentiated biology and physics is that life has culminated in thought, which in turn, has created biology and physics," he writes. From the thought of man he proceeds to the idea of finality, and thence to speculating upon the future of humanity, these last considerations taking him into the realm of theology and philosophy (and history) where, for all his close reasoning and imaginative exposition, he was on unfamiliar ground.

If *The Road to Reason* can be cataloged for the Philosophy of Science shelf, *Religion and Culture* (Sheed & Ward, \$3.50) can be filed under Philosophy of History. The author, Christopher Dawson, has been described as a social historian whose writings are respected by both philosophers and historians. Mounting the rostrum of the University of Edinburgh to give the famous annual Gifford Lectures, he was bound by the terms of the Foundation to confine himself to Natural Theology, which is only the threshold of religion. The capacity of reason, moreover, to discover God is suspect today. Why not then, he seems to have decided, exploit modern man's interest in the unconscious? To dismiss as inconclusive the entire human awareness of God, the universal fact of religion, the mystical experience in any degree that men have had of the Divine Being, is manifestly unscientific. It is also unhistorical. "Religion is the key to history. We cannot understand the inner form of society unless we understand its religion. We cannot understand its cultural achievements unless we understand the religious beliefs that lie behind them." Religion, as Dawson magisterially demonstrates, is the determining factor in any culture because it orders life according to higher, heavenly laws.

A crucial question remains unanswered, probably because of the conditions of the Gifford Foundation. Can natural religion, lacking much or all of revelation, effectively support a culture? It cannot even effectively "relate" man to God. But this question challenges really the adequacy of Natural Theology. Dawson's only serious objectors are those who deny meaning, pattern or direction in history, and those who interpret religion as the exclusive product of the human spirit.

The Psychology of Religion might be the most convenient classification for Dietrich von Hildebrand's *Transformation in Christ* (Longmans, Green, \$4.50). A penetrating and clarifying analysis of Christian morality, the morality of the Gospels, the morality embodied in the liturgy, is here unfolded in its splendor and inexhaustible richness. Pauline in scope and spirit, the book is a reminder that Sheed and



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Ward's "Great Writers of the World" series now includes Robert Sencourt's study of *St. Paul*. Disclaiming competence in scriptural studies, Mr. Sencourt exploits his knowledge of classical times and his familiarity with the scenes of the travels of the Apostle to the Gentiles. A vibrant portrait set against the background of Rome's imperial age.

A work of Franciscan scholarship occasioned by the Papal confirmation of the latest Doctor of the Church is *St. Anthony of Padua*, by Very Rev. Raphael M. Huber, O. F. M. Conv. (Bruce, \$3.75). St. Anthony would be pleased at the emphasis on dogma in the book addressed to her fellow Anglicans by Dorothy L. Sayers, *Creed or Chaos* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.25). He would look with intense interest and immense sympathy on the volume, *Man's Disorder and God's Design* (Harper, \$5), containing the preparatory study material, plus the section reports and messages of the First Assembly of the World Council of Churches which convened at Amsterdam last August as "a fellowship of churches which accept Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ as God and Saviour." St. Anthony, along with all the historic figures of Christendom, however, would find that indefinitely inclusive basis a begging of many crucial questions that seek an answer outside the Catholic fold.

EDWARD DUFF, S.J.

Currents in the stream of history

Current writing in the field of history is notable for its zeal in trying to understand and interpret correctly the contemporary crisis on all continents. The major emphasis is on Europe. Problems elsewhere, however, have a character disturbingly similar to those confronting the older cultural centers of Western civilization. World War II already seems as far removed from us as the Peloponnesian War. Historians have not yet had sufficient time to digest the documents presented in evidence at the Nuremberg trials, to say nothing of the forthcoming publication of documents from the archives of the German Foreign Ministry. Meanwhile, time is jet-propelled. While some historians are primarily concerned with pre-war events, others are trying to provide the historical background and perspective for what is happening in the "cold war" era.

One of the most stimulating studies in recent years is Eric Fischer's *The Passing of the European Age* (Harvard University, \$2.50). Dr. Fischer is not a Spenglerian, and his conclusions are not pessimistic. His thesis is that Western civilization is not being destroyed but transferred to and renewed on other continents. European civilization is shifting its center of gravity to coun-

tries outside Europe. Our attention is directed to the fact that, in the twentieth century, the older continent has been influenced to a far greater extent by other continents than it has itself influenced the rest of the world.

It has been argued by Sorokin and other historians that such new centers as Washington, Toronto and Sydney are mere offshoots of the original European form and are destined to die with it. According to Dr. Fischer, the non-European bearers of Western civilization do not take with them the frictions of the homeland which are responsible for disintegration. The road is therefore open for a new type of society and civilization, indebted to an older one, but able to move ahead.

The problem of institutional disintegration is brilliantly portrayed in Salvador de Madariaga's *The Fall of the Spanish American Empire* (Macmillan, \$5). This is a companion volume to the author's equally distinguished *The Rise of the Spanish American Empire*. As early as 1810, the Spanish Empire in America began to stagger to its fall. Napoleon's conquest of nearly all of Spain destroyed in the patriots the loyalty that had long been subject to processes of enervation. By the quarter-century, Spain's grasp was

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completely broken. It is the decline and decay that had gone on for decades, not to say centuries, which Madariaga subjects to expert analysis. In terms of Dr. Fischer's thesis, the transfer to and transformation of Spanish culture in the New World has by no means been synonymous with death—thus far.

The forces that operate to bring about the decline of a civilization are not only of great interest to Fischer and Madariaga but also to those historians who have long specialized in the Far East. It may be argued with considerable force that what happened recently on the Yangtze is just as important to us as what is happening on the Rhine. The present titanic struggle being waged by the Kuomintang and the Communists is bound to have repercussions upon the future of the United States and the rest of our war-plagued world.

Three books make a valuable contribution to our understanding of China. They are Gerald F. Winfield's *China: The Land and the People* (Sloane. \$5); Harrison Forman's *Changing China* (Crown. \$4); and John King Fairbank's *The United States and China* (Harvard University. \$3.75).

Winfield lived and worked in China for thirteen years. He learned that the conquest of disease is intimately linked up with agricultural, social, cultural, educational, industrial and political changes, which themselves are closely interdependent. In his opinion, China is a highly important key to world peace because the basic struggles in the contemporary world focus there as nowhere else. These struggles are based on the cultural battle to extend the industrial revolution to include all the earth's peoples, and the political strife to determine which of the competing systems will govern the modernized world. Aside from his advocacy of birth control, his solutions for remaking the life of China are sensible.

The Forman book is a strictly impartial compendium of information about the sprawling land and its vast population. Fairbank believes that China is only superficially a meeting point between the United States and the Soviet Union. Fundamentally, he believes, it is a society alien to both Russia and America, which is developing according to its own tradition and circumstances.

The best recent study on demographic problems is Eugene M. Kulischer's *Europe on the Move* (Columbia University. \$5). It deals expertly with the related factors of war and population changes from 1914 to 1947. Restrictions upon the free flow of goods are, inside and outside Europe, coupled with what comes near to shutting up the free migration outlets which for-

merly helped to ease population pressure. Though it would be wrong to explain the stormy history of twentieth-century Europe exclusively or primarily in terms of these protectionist policies, the latter undoubtedly increased the political tensions that finally resulted in wars and revolutions.

Anyone who has visited the unfortunates in the DP camps of Europe would probably agree with the Palestine partition. Jorge Garcia-Granados' *The Birth of Israel* (Knopf. \$3), although frankly partisan, is a good eyewitness account of a brave struggle by a people who believe fervently in the righteousness of their cause. The author was a member of the United Nations committee which voted for partition. He thus combines theoretical knowledge with practical experience in international affairs to support his position.



Another global trouble spot is Iran. Soviet propagandists have asserted that the Iranian ruling class has turned the country into a half-colony of the United States. Donald N. Wilber's *Iran: Past and Present* (Princeton University. \$3) is a compact source of information about a country that so frequently figures in the news. The book deals with the past history of this historic country and outlines the political, social and economic structure of present-day Iran.

Very little has appeared in English to commemorate the 1848 revolutions. A scholarly and revealing volume dealing with the original French explosion is David Dowd's *Jacques-Louis David and the French Revolution, Pageant-Master of the Republic* (University of Nebraska. \$2.50). David was the propaganda expert of the Revolution. His masterly handling of festivals emphasized the importance of mass participation, while his paintings invariably appealed to the "common man."

André Maurois' *The Miracle of France* (Harper. \$5) is, oddly enough, optimistic in tone. The oddity lies in the fact that Maurois is apparently ignorant of the current Christian revival in France—the real basis of hope that we may yet witness another miracle

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there. This popular history of France and its civilization is intended to demonstrate that the country has always miraculously recovered from seemingly hopeless defeat and that she has always played a leading role in the destinies of Europe. What the author calls the miracle of France is, in reality, the miracle of the continuity of the people and their deep-rooted Christian traditions.

Also optimistic in tone is Francis Williams' *Socialist Britain* (Viking. \$3). Anyone interested in Britain's new "bloodless revolution" will find this book helpful. British Socialism is not Marxism and has nothing to do with the materialistic, irreligious, totalitarian Marxian theory and denial of private productive property. Rather it is a practical technique sprung from trade unionism, aimed at a mixture of private (80 per cent) and nationalized (20 per cent) industries, and directed through an assured democratic process toward the highest social goal. This may not be socialism but it is the system that is operating today in Britain.

Very few people are optimistic about Russia—not even the Russians. For most of us the Russian enigma remains very much an enigma—with atomic overtones. In Harold Lamb's *Peter the Great and the Move to the West* (Doubleday. \$4.50), the question is raised as to the specific proportions of the historical-cultural influences in Russia of Western civilization, of Byzantium and of Siberian Asia. Does anybody know the correct answer? Here we have a neat geo-cultural triangle, with Mr. Lamb putting the chief emphasis on Westernism and Asianism. With regard to the character of Peter, historians are still undecided whether he was a genius or merely a lucky royal lunkhead.

Marx and Engels, of course, merely compound the mystery. It is really astonishing how much evil can be accomplished in the modern world by exploiting an interpretation of history that has so little intellectual content. The general reader will be interested in M. M. Bober's *Karl Marx's Interpretation of History* (Harvard University. \$6) because it lays bare the contradictions and nebulousities of Marxian ideology. Mr. Bober first of all demonstrates that Marx and Engels never had any clear idea about the "economic substructure" of society which, they asserted, developed "independently of human will" and determined the development of all other aspects of social and cultural life. The fantastic character of dialectic, another pillar of Marxism, is then well proved.

With respect to the broader canvas of World War II, L. B. Namier's *Diplomatic Prelude, 1938-39* (Macmillan. \$5) is probably the best single-volume

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history of the period immediately preceding the outbreak of war in 1939. Floyd A. Cave's *The Origins and Consequences of World War II* (Dryden Press. \$4.75) contains twenty-six chapters by twelve contributors and represents a formidable effort to deal with a very intricate subject and period. The book carried an introduction by Sumner Welles and is enriched by the use of many German documents seized by the Allies in 1945. Special mention should be given Col. C. P. Stacey's *The Canadian Army, 1939-1945: An Official Historical Summary* (Ottawa: Minister of National Defense). This is

a unique attempt to put the whole war effort of a national army into a one-volume narrative.

General Dwight D. Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe* (Doubleday. \$5) is of inestimable value to the historian and extremely good reading. General Ike is an admirable person, but in his dispute with Churchill he seemed to forget that one does not fight for the sake of fighting but to gain concrete objectives. Not a few tough-minded war critics may disagree with much that is expressed or implied in this engaging memoir, but none can dislike the obviously kindly, tolerant man who met and dealt with overpowering problems, generally with success.

Arthur Schlesinger's *Paths to the Present* (Macmillan. \$4) is a good introduction to what might be described as "newer viewpoints in American history." In this collection of scholarly commentaries, Professor Schlesinger deals with the distinctively unique characteristics of Americans, with numerous political problems, with the position of the city in our civilization, and with the significance of food and dietary customs in our national development. These entertaining and informative essays lay bare much of the past in order to produce a sounder understanding of the present.

Ralph H. Brown's *Historical Geography of the United States* (Harcourt, Brace. \$5.50) portrays the natural setting of each region, not as we know it today, but as it was known or understood during the period under consideration. From contemporary records, maps and eye-witness accounts he skillfully reconstructs a factual record of past landscapes. Thomas Jefferson Werthebaker's *Father Knickerbocker Rebels* (Scribner. \$4.50) tells the story of New York during the Revolution. The handling of Tory New York is the best part of the book, particularly the account of the exile of the Tory loyalists. *F. D. R.: His Personal Letters, 1905-1928* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$5) evokes pleasant memories of a less bar-

account yet available of the diplomatic barous world. The letters are invaluable for studying the growth and development of a richly gifted man during the most formative period of his life.

Since King Henry VIII and his second consort are having a new lease on life on Broadway at present, due to Maxwell Anderson's *Anne of a Thousand Days*, it might be well to recommend H. Maynard Smith's *Henry VIII and the English Reformation* (Macmillan. \$6.50) to those who are curious as to the precise amount of poetic license taken in the play. It is considerable.



Two books dealing with the Victorian scene are of more than passing interest. They are Elie Halévy's *A History of the English People, 1841-1852* (Peter Smith. \$6), and Lord Acton's *Essays on Freedom and Power* (Beacon Press. \$5). Halévy is weak in his treatment of English religion in the nineteenth century but a most enlightening guide with respect to other phases of Victorian life. Lord Acton was an outstanding liberal who is remembered today for his political wisdom and religious contrariness.

A valuable addition to any Catholic library will be Philip Hughes' *A Popular History of the Catholic Church* (Macmillan. \$3.50). In eleven brief and highly readable chapters, Father Hughes unfolds the dramatic story of the Church from its foundation by Christ to the year 1946. The first two volumes of a much more extensive work, *The History of the Primitive Church*, by Jules Lebreton, S.J., and Jacques Zeiller (Macmillan. \$16.50 the set) will be published this month.

In *Sea Routes to the Goldfields* (Knopf. \$4), Oscar Lewis has told the story of shipowners and voyagers back in famous '49. The advantages were all on the side of the owners, and too often the seafarers were left to discover the disadvantages when it was too late. The story of these sailings is among the best-documented of our history and the editing of them here makes an excellent glimpse of the past.

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In the field of belles-lettres

Poetry has not been very noteworthy since the beginning of the year, but there have been two good studies of poets and one impressive book on the theory of poetry. *Immortal Diamond: Studies on Gerard Manley Hopkins*, edited by Norman Weyand, S.J. (Sheed & Ward. \$5) is the cooperative effort of eleven American Jesuits to cast a comprehensive light on the Hopkins who has been such a mystery to many other critics. These eleven are prepared to see Hopkins in perspective because they are leading much the same life he led. The perspective they have is that of the *Spiritual Exercises*, community life and later priestly labors.

Many new facts emerge in these studies—such, for example, as the fact that Hopkins' genius was not ignored by his fellow Jesuits. Anyone interested in the poet will find him here studied from almost every side. In illuminating Hopkins, this book is also a fine tribute to the critical abilities of the American contributors.

Another poet who is something of a mystery is T. S. Eliot. Elizabeth Drew attempts "the first comprehensive interpretation of Mr. Eliot's poetry" in *T. S. Eliot: The Design of His Poetry* (Scribner. \$3). The idea of tradition, that the bulk of wisdom from the past is the leaven of art, emerges as Eliot's chief principle. The first chapter of the book is superfluous, and strains in an effort to point out the similarity of elements in Eliot's poetry and Jung's theory of personality. In general, however, the book succeeds in its purpose.

The theoretical treatment of poetry is proffered by Paul Claudel in *Poetic Art*, translated by Renée Spodheim (Philosophical Library. \$2.75). It is a vivid but very complete outline of the metaphorical knowledge of all reality which belongs to the poet and which he tries to embody in his work, using metaphors and not abstract concepts. Here is a fundamental and philosophical exposition of the Catholic Renaissance.

Two series of poets' letters have recently been edited. *The Letters of Edgar Allan Poe*, edited by John Ostrom (Harvard University. \$10, 2 vols.) does not change in any essential way the picture we have of Poe, but this collection is as completely definitive as can be, and does greatly assist in clarifying the details of some episodes which would otherwise be baffling.

The Keats Circle: Letters and Papers: 1816-1878, edited by Hyder Edward Rollins (Harvard University. \$12, 2 vols.) is indispensable to advanced students of Keats and his group. The most unmistakable impression emerges from this collection that Keats had "no philosophy . . . no religion . . . to sup-

port him . . . withal, the most gnawing desire for it . . . yet without the possibility of receiving it." Many of the obscure points in Keats' life are here made clear, and the volumes will be necessary material for any future biographers of Keats.

There was quite a notable group of short stories published since the first of the year. The greatest critical acclaim was given to *The Lion Tamer*, by Brian MacMahon (Dutton. \$2.75), and the critical acclaim was fully justified. Irish writing is uniformly imaginative and evocative of mood, and Mr. MacMahon is preeminent in both. Short stories are not everyone's dish, but those who go for them will find here some of the best in recent memory. Equally Irish, if not quite so equally good, are the tales in *The Man Who Invented Sin*, by Sean O'Faolain. (Devin-Adair. \$2.75). O'Faolain parades before us not a gallery of characters but rather a mixture of moods and situations which reflect the social and political changes in the lives he observes. There is a restlessness discernible in most of his work but it reflects a sense of vigor and growth in Ireland.

Our controversial Graham Greene stirs discussion again in his *Nineteen*

Stories (Viking. \$2.75). Most of the stories are rather grim, particularly those that deal with introspective childhood, but there is power in all of them, and under the power a basis of spiritual value. Greene is another one who is not everyone's author, but for those who feel that they can appreciate him, this selection is representative of what he calls the "by-products of a novelist's career."

Christopher LaFarge is a facile and dependable worker and his craftsmanship is the thing that bulks largest in the stories in *All Sorts and Kinds*, (Coward-McCann. \$3.). Most of the tales do not give the impression that they demanded to be written, but in their mild good sense and fine economy of effect, they reward the reader. Of particular interest are the notes after each story recounting the details of composition and marketing—most of the stories were written for the "slicks."

Short stories by two Jewish authors are among the best of the year. In *Tales of My People*, by Sholem Asch (Putnam. \$3), we are given an insight into the extent to which Jewish life is always in crisis. Throughout the whole, whether he deals with the traditional past or the embattled present, runs a pride of race and identity. The tales are frankly and proudly propagandist, and their significance lies rather in the

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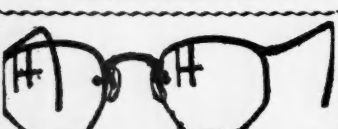
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Tevye's Daughters, by Sholem Aleichem (Crown. \$3.), are stories through which runs a deep religious strain, yet with a rich vein of humor. One tale, unfortunately, is marred by a crude caricature of a priest, which rather weakens the preachment against anti-Semitism which is implicit in all the tales.

A rather unusual collection is *Their Country's Pride*, edited by Sister Mary Pascal Campion, O.S.F., and Sister Mary Bede Donelan, O.S.F. (Bruce. \$3.75). It is an anthology of rural life literature and the first of its kind. It is a collection of essays, fiction and verse, divided into subject matter, such as "Boyhood and the Farm," "The Dignity of Labor," etc. It will be of interest not only to those living in the country, but to all who realize the im-

portance of a Christian philosophy for the rural dweller.

The finest book on Art to appear recently is Otto G. von Simson's *Sacred Fortress* (University of Chicago. \$10.) The author's main attention is directed to the relationship between art and liturgy but, in addition, the book is a complex study of the interaction of religious, artistic, social and political ideas in an era which did not find it inappropriate that the spheres should be mixed and, not infrequently, confused. The author attempts to re-create for us a "vision of history and eternity." Because he sees that the former is insignificant without the latter, he has been able to penetrate into the meaning of great works which have been a puzzle to many a critic. No comprehensive library on Christian Art should be without *Sacred Fortress*.

H. C. G.

Pot-pourri — a little of this and that

Categories, after all, are valid only so far, even in the matter of classifying books, and sooner or later we run into some volumes that don't seem to fit into any of the divisions above. Of course, if we could apply the Dewey-decimal system here, all would be well. But we can't, and so here are some books worth your attention; their being under the heading of miscellaneous does not imply that they are mediocre.

Faraway places make the first appeal. For an informal, accurate and colorful account, without a single dull page, of what Japan is like under American occupation, there is no better book than *Popcorn on the Ginza*, by Lucy Herndon Crockett (Sloane. \$3.50). It provides plenty of background for American thinking about Japan. And what life is like in Korea is breezily recounted by Irma Tennant Materi in *Irma and the Hermit* (Norton. \$2.95). The author is an Army officer's wife, and her account is pleasant and informative.

Though *The Set of the Sails* (Scribner. \$3.75) is largely the autobiography of Alan Villiers, it may be considered a travel book or even an encomium of the days of the sailing ship, for although the author seeks to show that that type of ship was by no means glamorous, his clear and graphic style makes one yearn for the open sea and the rigged ships. Similar in appeal for landlubbers is *They Took to the Sea*, by David Klein and Mary Louise Johnson (Rutgers University. \$3.75). It is a collection of the writings of the most famous of the small-boat voyagers, who crossed oceans alone, circled the globe or visited the fabulous isles of the southern seas.

Not only faraway places, but faraway times feature in a fascinating book of discovery. It is Hiram Bingham's *Lost City of the Incas* (Duell, Sloane & Pearce. \$5). Senator Bingham discovered this capital city of the Peruvian Indians back in 1911 and his feat brought to light the greatest of the early American cultures. The book gives the background history of the nation and recounts the story of the discovery in language for the layman rather than for the scientist.

Two books dealing with the war find their way into this section. The first, *By Eastern Windows*, by William H. McDougall Jr. (Scribner. \$3), is a sequel to his earlier *Six Bells off Java*. The author was a UP correspondent who was torpedoed, machine-gunned and captured by the Japanese. This is the story of his four years in prison camps. The greatness of the book—and it has greatness—lies in its revelation of what religion can mean in the lives of everyday men under terrible conditions.

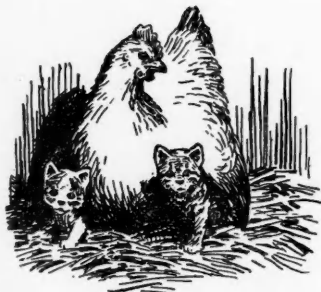
The war features again in *Paratrooper Padre*, by Rev. Francis L. Sampson (Catholic University. \$2.50). Too few chaplains have recounted their experiences and that is a shame, for they were in a position to know best the temper of the troops and their problems. This account is well written, absorbing in incident and heartening in its insight into the lives of the men who fought.

Though not directly dealt with, the war is the background of *The Best of Times*, by Ludwig Bemelmans (Simon & Schuster. \$3.95). He went to Europe in 1946 and 1947 to see if he could find signs of hopefulness. The book is

an honest report and so not entirely happy, but it is filled with vivid impressions, subtle humor and human warmth. It points out a few of the candles they continue to burn in Europe's hours of darkness and which may burn brighter yet.

Far from war and its alarms is *Northern Farm: a Chronicle of Maine*, by Henry Beston (Rinehart. \$2.75). In the chronicle and philosophizing of this genuine dirt farmer there is much homely wisdom, of which "it is well to use the wheel but it is fatal to be bound to it" is a good sample. The book is a pleasant glimpse of an enviable life.

A memoir that is at once sad and quite glorious is John Gunther's account of his son's affliction and death. In *Death Be Not Proud* (Harper. \$2.50), we have an agnostic father telling how his son was stricken by a brain tumor, how the boy bore it with courage and good humor, and how religion, or a shadow of it, impressed the youngster toward the end. The glory of the account is in the boy's natural goodness; the sadness is in the terrible void that could have been filled had he and his father known how suffering can be made Christ-like.



Another memoir that will repay you abundantly is *The Family on Gramercy Park*, by Henry Noble MacCracken (Scribner. \$2.75). One might suppose that these recollections of the future president of Vassar would show us a little Lord Fauntleroy. Instead, they picture a normal city boy, the gang he played around with, his fights and escapades—all redolent with the atmosphere of city life. It is rather remarkable in that it maintains throughout the point of view of a young boy and is not tinged with adult afterthoughts.

Parent and Child, by Catherine MacKenzie (Sloane. \$2.95) is a valuable book of guidance for parents and parents-to-be. It is all based on scientific data, but is presented in non-technical language. The author details specific behavior-traits that are to be expected in each year of the child's progress, and thus helps to allay any parent's anxieties as to the normality of the

child. A most sane and servicable book.

The subject of education was rather thoroughly treated in AMERICA's education issue of April 23. However, among the books on education therein reviewed, two seem to deserve an additional mention here. They are *Crisis in Education*, by Bernard Iddings Bell (Whittlesey House. \$3) and *De la Salle: a Pioneer of Modern Education*, by W. J. Battersby (Longmans, Green. \$3.50). Dr. Bell calls his book "a challenge to American complacency," and it is indeed that. Catholic educators will recognize many of their own themes in the book, which is one of the soundest to have appeared in many a moon. The De la Salle book is a warm and scholarly treatment of the founder of the Brothers of the Christian schools, and highlights the original features De la Salle and his Institute introduced into education. The founder had all the gifts that go to make a perfect educator, prime among them being a deep love of his pupils, and high spiritual ideals.

Speaking of ideals, Romano Guardini gives an excellent study of those that inspired Plato's thought. The author finds that it was religious in character and, by a judicious analysis of the four great dialogs, succeeds in approaching, as he says, "under the guidance of Plato's thought, nearer to the truth itself." This stimulating study is called *The Death of Socrates* (Sheed & Ward. \$3), a title which suggests that the career of the true philosopher is a kind of death—a withdrawal of the soul and the mind from the corporeal and a devotion to contemplation of the Idea of the Good.

Gabriel Marcel's *The Philosophy of Existence* (Philosophical Library. \$2.75), offers a clear, brief introduction to Existentialism by the leader of the Christian Existentialist School in France. The courteous but penetrating criticism of Sartre's position reveals the mystique of the Godless, which, as Marcel says, "corrodes the contemporary mind." *Existence and the Existent* (Pantheon. \$3) is Jacques Maritain's impassioned affirmation of the existentialism of St. Thomas Aquinas—a completely Christian philosophy of life.

Every library (and many an individual, especially among teachers) will want to have the three-volume *Literary History of the United States*, by Spiller, Thorp, Johnson and Canby (Macmillan. \$22.50). The four chief editors have been assisted by a battery of experts in producing the most complete study of the field yet to appear. Indispensable is the excellent bibliography in the third volume. The price is high, but here is a most valuable reference work which will be of service for many years to come.

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THE WORD

"At that time Jesus said to His disciples: I go to Him that sent Me; and none of you asketh Me: Whither goest Thou?"

Nobody asked the young pastor, either—the one who drowned when I was a boy.

Everybody in the parish was sorrowful, and all the people said it was too bad.

But they didn't stop coming late for Mass, and they didn't start going to confession and Communion oftener.

They filed past Father Tom's bier, shaking their heads and looking almost lugubrious.

But none of them said to him: "Father, whither goest thou?"

And none of them asked how to follow.

They looked at him, said a little prayer, went outside, clicked their tongues, and repeated: "Too bad, too bad. So young—so much to live for. Too bad."

It was a good thing Father Tom couldn't hear them. If he had, he'd have gone right up into the pulpit.

He'd have thundered at them: "What do you mean, too bad?"

Then his voice and his eyes would have gone soft, and he would have said in a sad and discouraged tone: "Don't you ever listen to the sermons? Have I not told you that dying is what you are living for? Do you forget what I told you each Lent—that some of us making this Lent would never make another on this earth?"

Then I think he would have reminded us of his favorite sermon—the one in which he told about becoming a priest.

He always began by talking about how Jesus breathed on His disciples, and said to them: "As the Father has sent Me, I send you."

Father Tom's eyes glistened at that point, because he told us that he too, like the Apostles, had been sent by Jesus as Jesus had been sent by His Father.

"I have been sent," he would say, "and I must return as Christ did."

Then he would open his arms in the pulpit above us, and say to us: "Then Jesus will ask me where *you* are; and must I tell him that you are here, missing Mass, or slipping away before the last gospel, or refusing to receive Him more than once a year, or perhaps fouling your homes and marriages with sin?"

Father Tom talked about death a great deal. He said that when he was ordained he asked the Master: "Whith-

er goest Thou?" and promised to follow wherever He led.

He pleaded with us to do that too, because we were baptized and confirmed, and Christ was our Captain, we His soldiers.

"Soldiers," said Father Tom, "do not desert. They do not hang back. They go forward until the battle is won."

The people listened, but they didn't do much. Things went on, pretty much the same.

Sometimes, after Father Tom drowned, I wondered about his last thoughts as his life passed in review before his mind. Did he think to himself: "They did not listen to my words, but I hope they will listen to my silence?"

Perhaps it was just as well that he wasn't there to see. The people all stood around clucking their tongues and saying: "Too bad, too bad."

And nobody said how good it was for Father Tom to go to Him Who sent him.

JOSEPH A. BREIG

FILMS

THE STRATTON STORY. Movie producers will tell you that the game of baseball is almost impossible to capture interestingly on film. They will also say that the lives of ball players generally do not provide the dramatic conflicts necessary to a screen story—this last being in the nature of an alibi for their habit of fictionizing baseball biographies with their favorite brand of sentimental hokum. Sam Wood, whose direction of *The Pride of the Yankees* leaned heavily on the above-mentioned crutches, has turned over a new leaf with *The Stratton Story*. The result is an altogether likable family film which will outrage neither baseball fans nor hardboiled realists. Monty Stratton, its hero, made his brief appearance in the Major Leagues several years ago. After pitching a phenomenally successful freshman year with the Chicago White Sox he had the misfortune to lose a leg in a hunting accident. He was able not only to make the ordinary human adjustments to this handicap but also, equipped with an artificial leg, to resume his pitching career in the Texas League. Screen play and performances combine to make engaging and admirable human beings out of Stratton (James Stewart) his wife (June Allyson) and other assorted characters, something which is, in itself, a not-too-common screen occurrence. But the picture's chief asset is its vivid and authentic projection of the great Ameri-

can sport. Not only does it capture the flavor of the ball park and the feeling of actual play, but on at least two occasions conveys a fever of excitement. (MGM)

FLAMINGO ROAD is a Cinderella story in modern style. Its background is one of political corruption and of other varieties of sordidness—suggested by polite but ludicrously transparent euphemisms—which cries for a certain social responsibility in treatment. The picture, however, throws significance and moral principles to the four winds in favor of a rags-to-riches fairy tale. With unflagging solemnity and an accompaniment of melodramatic violence, it tells how a stranded carnival entertainer (Joan Crawford) finally made good by marrying Prince Charming, an "honest" big-time political crook (David Brian), in spite of the machinations of Sydney Greenstreet, a petty grafter notoriously lacking in charm. Since the heroine's character seemed no better than that of anyone else in the picture it is a little difficult to understand why an audience should care what happened. (Warner Bros.)

THE UNDERCOVER MAN describes in pallidly imitative semi-documentary style how a group of Treasury agents set about catching a powerful gang chief (Al Capone?) for violation of the internal revenue statutes. It serves only to affirm a truism already known to every tax-paying adult: no matter how it is served up, the income tax is a dull and painful subject. (Columbia)

RED CANYON. A coal-black mustang, a throw-back to his pure-blooded ancestors, and a saddle-tramp who has repudiated his outlaw upbringing, both are given a chance to prove their worth with considerable assistance from a high-spirited girl Ann Blyth. Howard Duff and George Brent are featured in this pleasant and somewhat unusual family Western in Technicolor. (Universal-International)

ADVENTURE IN BALTIMORE could not possibly be less appropriately titled. Dealing with the escapades of a young lady whose ideas about art and the status of women were advanced for 1905, it falls into a nameless region somewhere between satire and nostalgia. "Harmless," "mild" and "passable" best describe its appeal for a family audience. Shirley Temple, the junior suffragette, and Robert Young and John Agar, two innocent victims of her enthusiasm, are the attractive principals; but their efforts are hampered by a script that never gets much beyond superficial sentiment and contrived comic situations. (RKO)

MOIRA WALSH

THEATRE

MAGNOLIA ALLEY, presented at the Mansfield by Lester Cutler, opened a week ahead of an amusing comedy in the Lyceum, sponsored by Gertrude Macy, called *The Happiest Years*. Since both productions have been deposited in the cemetery for deceased plays, a minimum of comment on their merits will suffice.

George Batson is the author of *Magnolia Alley*, and Jessie Royce Landis was starred in the leading role, with Jackie Cooper, whom the older generation will remember as the "kid" in the Charles Chaplin movie of that title, featured as a punch-drunk prizefighter. Miss Landis, as usual, was capable as the matron of a boarding house.

Thomas Coley and William Roerick, who collaborated in writing *The Happiest Years*, apparently believe that a prairie superstition about Indians is also true of mothers-in-law—that the only good one of either is a dead one. Their motivating character is a middle aged witch who diligently interferes with her daughter's marriage until it is saved from disaster only by grace of the authors, who wanted a happy ending for their comedy. The happy ending failed to come off, however, since none of the other actors thought of konking the harriidan with a sash-weight. Peggy Wood was starred as the meddling hag, and June Walker and Loring Smith were a trifle excellent in humorous roles.

The two plays are entered in the record for reference if either turns up in your local Summer theatre. Either comedy, while not a whirlwind of fun, may be more amusing than gin rummy for a couple of hours on a hot night.

DEATH OF A SALESMAN, as predicted in this space some time back, has won both The Critics' Circle and Pulitzer awards. Now it is officially the best American play of the season. The prediction, however, was made before the opening of *South Pacific*. It could be that the Pulitzer judges, assuming that nothing worth considering would appear so late in the season, had made up their minds before the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical, after its shake-down road tour, began playing for keeps at the Majestic.

The rules governing both awards, as mentioned in my prophetic column, are rigged in favor of any good play like *Death of a Salesman*. The Critics bestow three first prizes — for the best American play, the best native musical and the best foreign drama. *South Pa-*

cific and *The Mud Women of Chaillot* were awarded blue ribbons for best of their class and deserved them. *Death of a Salesman*, for lack of competition, was a natural in the first category. It came in first like Coaltown winning a one horse race.

While accepting the Pulitzer award as final, one can still question the reasoning of the judges. Another set of Pulitzer judges, fifteen or twenty years ago, departed from precedent and gave the prize to a musical show. I think it was *Of Thee I Sing*. Why and how did the current Pulitzer judges overlook *South Pacific*? The musical is certainly better entertainment than *Death of a Salesman*; it is stronger social drama and its theme is as American as a Marine. I can imagine only one reason why *South Pacific* was unmentioned in the awards. The judges must have selected the play of the year while hibernating.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

PARADE

SO HEAVY WAS THE PRODUCTION of unfortunate events during the week, it seemed as though some arch-foe of humanity were sabotaging history's assembly line. . . . As event after event slid off the production belt and dropped into the social milieu, trouble piled upon trouble. . . . Everywhere, one could perceive designs for living being snarled. . . . Embarrassing episodes showered down upon the experts. . . . In Memphis, a traffic-safety expert steered his auto into the pier of an underpass. . . . In Stratford, Ont., the manager of a safety-equipment company fell and bruised his wrist while installing safety devices in a railroad station. . . . In Long Beach, Calif., a dog catcher had to bail his own dog out of the pound after it had been snatched by another dog catcher. . . . The red faces were confined to no one type of expert. . . . In Cincinnati, a safety specialist stood drawing safety outlines at a safety show. Forgetting that he was on a platform several feet above the stage, he stepped backward, swayed, landed prostrate on the floor. Physically unhurt, he got up and went on drawing safety outlines. . . . The evaporation of prestige occurred in widely scattered areas. . . . In North Dakota, a police chief gave a woman autoist pointed advice about driving more carefully. He then climbed back into his car, sped off and halfway down the block sideswiped a parked auto, denting the parked fender and his own. . . . Marriage counselors felt the trend's impact. . . . In Ohio, a sociology pro-

fessor who taught university students how to become happily married, was sued for divorce. . . . In Los Angeles, a wife, who for many years was the partner with her husband in the operation of three wedding chapels, petitioned for divorce. As far as matrimony for others is concerned, she stated she is still for it. . . . Shadows fell into many lives. . . . In Listowel, Ont., the community dog catcher quit because children barked at his wife as she walked along the streets. However, he returned to the job when the council raised his salary to compensate for the barking of the small fry. . . . In Columbus, O., a hotel guest fell from a third-floor window, suffered only a slight scratch. His elation over his safe landing diminished when the hotel manager made him pay for the broken window. . . . Legalistic formalities caused discouragement. . . . In Pasadena, Calif., a lady discovered a fire in her boarding-house davenport, extinguished it. The next day she was summoned to court for violating a law which "forbids anyone from putting out a fire without notifying the local fire department." The boarding-house landlord paid her fine, reduced her rent ten per cent.

Amid the unfortunate events of the week, amid the ups and downs of life in general, it is consoling to know that for those who love and serve God "all things work together unto good." . . . It would be a frightening thing for good-living individuals if things beyond their control could work together to their eternal destruction. . . . Happily, God, who wishes the salvation of all, will never permit this. . . . God gives to all sufficient grace to conquer any temptation. . . . No man is ever forced to sin. . . . Most consoling is the certainty that nothing in this vast world can prevent any man from going to heaven, except one thing—the man himself.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE BOOK ISSUE. Fathers Conway, Duff and Gardiner will be well-known to our readers—they are members of AMERICA's staff. . . . Joseph B. Schuyler, S.J., won his Ph.D. in sociology at St. Louis University, after working at Fordham and Columbia Universities. . . . Rev. Francis J. Gallagher, S.J., is a veteran teacher of American history whose special interest centers around the Civil War period. . . . John J. O'Connor is professor of history at Georgetown University. He is a regular contributor to AMERICA's review columns and to the *Interracial Review*.

Marriage instruction

EDITOR: Some unique assertions were made by Mrs. R. E. Rutt in your April 9 issue. For instance, she says, without documentation, that despite our now having "wholesale instruction and full appreciation of the sacrament of matrimony . . . we have more divorce, fewer children, and less family life. . ."

We are curious to know in what fortunate corner of the country it can be said with veracity that we have "wholesale instruction and full appreciation of the sacrament." If there is such a place we would hazard a guess that divorce is unknown there, and that family life exists on a very exalted level. Such would be our conclusion from observing the results of the Cana and Pre-Cana work which is as yet far from being on a "wholesale" scale.

Mrs. Rutt implies further that marital happiness was widespread before the war, when "people knew nothing about marriage except their duties as man and wife, mother and father." But, from the facts, it is apparent that a good many either did not know or else failed in one of those duties—that of transmitting this knowledge to the next generation.

Finally, if Mrs. Rutt wishes to speak with authority on matters Irish, she ought to consult reliable sources rather than depend on her mother's hazy reminiscences of perhaps half a century ago. JOHN AND EILEEN FARRELL
Oak Park, Ill.

Pinko fiasco

EDITOR: Now that those of us who fought for peace can go back to sipping our Schenleys instead of being exposed to small doses of Shostakovich, it occurred to me that due credit for transforming this Red fiesta into a pinko fiasco has not been given to the proper people.

For first honors, I would nominate the New York Police Commissioner, William P. O'Brien, who, by reason of his common-sense decision to permit picketing on all sides of the Waldorf Astoria, enabled the average American to give the local Stalinists a taste of their own medicine.

Second honors in my book would go to the Catholic War Veterans for the manner in which they turned out to protest against aggrandizement of these representatives of a government bent on destroying all freedom of speech and religion. The maturity and sense of fair play exhibited by those Catholic War Veterans lent an atmosphere of dignity and restraint to the picket lines, with the result that incidents were practically unheard of, quite a contrast to the reception accorded Mr. Bevin. Nor were their efforts in vain or limited to the environs of Park Avenue's swank

hostelry. Due to the wide coverage accorded their peaceful picketing by the nation's newspapers, radio and newsreels, there is no doubt but that the efforts of the Catholic War Veterans were greatly instrumental in curtailing the nation-wide tour of these peace-loving phonies. Here's hoping that their actions will give sufficient courage to Secretary of State Acheson so that in the future he will have the fortitude necessary to be a better horse trader. In other words, for every Red he permits in this country, he should insist one red-blooded American be accorded the same entry into Soviet-land.

JOHN F. CARROLL

New York

More anniversary messages

EDITOR: Publishing a Catholic weekly is a tough proposition, full of headaches and heartaches. Constant vigilance and absolute accuracy in interpreting the current scene are imperative. AMERICA has been doing its job superbly for forty years. Congratulations from all your well-wishers of the *Catholic World*!

Your editorials, written close to the needs of the people, have a popular touch without losing the broad sweep and authority of former editors.

As a reader of AMERICA for twenty years, I can say that I have found the articles and departments uniformly interesting, honest and aggressive in a spirit of charity.

No small share of credit for the advance of the Catholic press must be given to the untiring and competent efforts of the AMERICA staff. It seems a pity that your subscribers are not numbered in the hundred thousands.

May God bless all your plans for the future. JOHN B. SHEERIN, C. S. P.

Editor, *The Catholic World*
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR: Congratulations on the fortieth anniversary of AMERICA. I should like to make a suggestion which countless Catholic priests could easily carry out. This suggestion is that they subscribe to AMERICA for their local public library. The amount of good such subscriptions would do for the Church is incalculable. This should be particularly effective in areas in which Catholics are not numerous, or in which the Church's teaching is misunderstood. With that in mind, I am subscribing to AMERICA and the *Catholic Mind* for our local library.

Jacksonville, Fla.

PASTOR

CORRESPONDENCE

"Sugar-coated" medicine

EDITOR: I must condemn the naive attitude displayed in a comment on the letter from Mrs. Englemann printed April 9. Your smug question "How long would the lady have to wait without the social agencies?" reflects muddled thinking.

Mrs. Englemann's very obvious point, which you seemed to miss, is that the great majority of the American people, who are able to purchase their own eyeglasses, should not be subjected to the same bungling inefficiencies which have plagued her colored cleaning lady.

Many of your recent articles, particularly some which dealt with rent control, social security and allied problems, have caused me some concern. How can you, who apparently condemn the totalitarian state, be sympathetic toward the same sugar-coated welfare plans which have marked the pathway to a slave-state society in contemporary nations? Just where does the responsibility of the individual for his own welfare enter this complicated picture?

Here in America, where the average man *does* spend nearly as much on cigarettes as he does on his health, free citizens can and will distribute the costs of their medical care in an equitable fashion without governmental compulsion.

Good medical care is by its very nature expensive. But obtaining it through hundreds of thousands of civil-servant middlemen cannot, in the long run, make it either less expensive or more accessible than like sums spent directly, shared, if you please, through voluntary insurance plans.

Please stop confusing the problems of economic wards of the state with those of self-reliant citizens. Let us keep those hundreds of thousands of potential administrators working in the productive phases of our economy. Present levels of government spending will require their taxable productive effort for a long time to come.

HERBERT H. KERSTEN, M.D.
Iowa City, Iowa

AMERICA receives many interesting letters which the Editors are unable to publish for lack of space. So that more of our readers may have an opportunity to express their views, we urge correspondents to make their letters as short as possible. Communications of 250 words or less are preferred.—THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 205)

Friedman, Emanuel, Philadelphia, Pa.
Gallagher, Frank T., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.
Gibian, Mrs. Vera, Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.
Gillen, Mrs. Mary D., Elizabeth, N. J.
Gorman, David H., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Griffith, Marguerite F., Toledo, Ohio
Hammond, Dr. Francis, Orange, N. J.
Hanz, Msgr. Joseph E., Beloit, Wis.
Hartnett, B. Emmet, Chicago, Ill.
Hartnett, J. Ira, Detroit, Mich.
Hively, John P., Annapolis, Md.
Hoffman, Mary A., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Holland, John J., New York, N. Y.
Hula, Eric, New York, N. Y.
Hynes, James H., Baton Rouge, La.
Keane, Leontine Rita, Grosse Pointe, Mich.
Kelley, James J., Syracuse, N. Y.
Kerr, Mrs. H. H., Toledo, Ohio.
Kiebel, Max L., Chicago, Ill.
King, J. J., Akron, Ohio.
Kinnaly, Francis D., New York, N. Y.
Koenig, Rev. John H., Darlington, N. J.
La Penna, Alexander V., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Leonard, E. C., Meridian, Miss.
Lillis, John J., Los Angeles, Calif.
Loveland, Ted, St. Paul, Minn.
Lynch, James J., New York, N. Y.
Lynch, Rev. John W., Manlius, N. Y.
Lynch, Walter A., New York, N. Y.
Lynch, Mrs. W. H., Syracuse, N. Y.
Lyons, Vincent, Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.
McAghon, Justin, Roselle, N. J.
McDougall, Natt, Portland, Oregon.
McGill, Mary E., Indianapolis, Ind.
McGlinn, William F., Chicago, Illinois.
McGraw, Dr. James L., Syracuse, N. Y.
McGuire, Mary Casey, Clinton, Mass.
McKavitt, Matthew A. J., Washington, D. C.
McKeough, Raymond S., Washington, D. C.
McLaughlin, Mary E., New York, N. Y.
MacNeil, Neil, New York, N. Y.
Mahoney, William W., Baltimore, Md.

Manson, Mrs. Geo. L. Sheboygan, Wis.
Marchev, Mrs. Martha, Short Hills, N. J.
Miller, H. Gregory, Hillsdale, N. J.
Molloy, Miss S. L., New York, N. Y.
Molz, Joseph T., Baltimore, Md.
Negri, Angelo, Long Beach, L. I., N. Y.
O'Grady, John J., Jr., New York, N. Y.
O'Neill, J. M., Lakeville, Conn.
O'Sullivan, J. L., Milwaukee, Wis.
Phoenix, Mr. & Mrs. W. D., Denver, Col.
Rambusch, Viggo F. E., New York, N. Y.
Rooney, Walter J., Jr., New Orleans, La.
Rousseau, Rev. Roger R., Putnam, Conn.
Ruckelshaus, John K., Indianapolis, Ind.
Ryan, Msgr. Michael, Baltimore, Md.

Schepers, Frank N., Overland Park, Kansas.
Shanley, J. Sanford, New York, N. Y.
Siegmund, Nicholas M. St. Cloud, Minn.
Smith, Virginia Ann, Hamilton, Ohio.
Solari, John, Trenton, N. J.
Storey, J. R., South Bend, Ind.
Swint, Most Rev. John, Wheeling, W. Va.
Teed, John W., Long Beach, Calif.
Thomas, G. W. Holmes, Baltimore, Md.
Torsney, Rev. Jas T., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Trainor, Paul M., Flushing, N. Y.
Vickers, Mrs. M. A., Bangor, Maine.
Walsh, Dorothy E., Palm Beach, Fla.
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Georgetown University,
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OUR NEXT SELECTION

The May-June selection of the Catholic Book Club is *Saint Among the Hurons*, by Francis X. Talbot, S.J. This is the second volume of Father Talbot's writings on the North American Martyrs. The first volume was *Saint Among Savages*, a life of Saint Isaac Jogues. This volume is the life of Saint Jean de Brébeuf, and its selection by the Catholic Book Club is particularly timely because this year marks the 300th anniversary of the martyrdom of Jesuit Missionaries, who labored in Canada and upper New York state when those territories constituted New France.

In the lives of these martyrs there is everything that a movie script-writer would like to have at his disposal for the writing of a thrilling picture. There are Indian battles, plagues, shooting the rapids, and portages. Also the majestic beauty of mountains, lakes and rivers. There is dancing and torture and feasting. Beyond all this, it is the story of a spiritual epic. Saint Jean de Brébeuf was a physical giant, and his spiritual stature matched his size. His bravery under torment was even admired by the Indians who took his life. The book is not only a magnificent story of spiritual heroism; it is likewise a reminder of how much Catholicism played a role in the founding of this country. Plymouth Rock was not the only foundation. Spanish and French missionaries were certainly just as much Founding Fathers of this nation when they labored among the Indian tribes, and gave up their lives, that the Gospels of Christ and civilization might find here a fertile soil. The story of Saint Jean de Brébeuf is the story of one such man.

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